BLAZON OF IEALOVSIE.

A Subiect not written of by any heretofore.

First written in Italian, by that learned Gentleman BENEDETTO VARCHI, sometimes Lord *Chauncelor vnto The Signorie of* Venice:

AND

Translated into English, with speciall Notes vpon the same; by *R. T.* Gentleman.

ARIOST. in Orl. Furio. *Cant.* 31. *Stanz.* 1.

Che dolce pin, che pin giocondo State,
Saria, di quel, d'vn amoroso cuore?
Che viuer piu felice, e piu beato?
Che ritrouarsi in seruitu d'Amore!
Se non fosse l'huomo sempre stimulato
Da quel Sospettoso rio, da quel Timore,
Da quel Martir, da quella Frenesia,
Da quella Rabbia, detta GELOSIA!

LONDON:
Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Busbie*, and are to be sould at his Shop in *S. Dunstans* Church-yard in *Fleetstreet*. 1615.

TO MY HONOVRABLE FRIEND,

Sir EDWARD DIMMOCK Knight, the most worthy and generous Champion vnto the Sacred Maiestie of Great BRITAINE, &c.

SIR, I present vnto your iudicious view, the Plague of Men, and the auncient Disease of Women: a Subiect knowne, but too-too well, to many, and yet not written of by any heretofore, as farre as I can finde. *Tasso* toucheth it (here and there) in his Workes: and *Arioſto* glanceth at it (a little) in his ORLANDO FVRIOSO; onely this graue Author BENEDETTO VARCHI, hath discourſed of it at large. The draught is both Philoſophicall and pleasant; If it like you I esteeme the leſſe what Others distaste therein. The auncient Romanes vsed to set forth the portratures of their best Friends in the formost front of their Pallaces; and so I hope you will vouchsafe that I may blaze your name, in the frontiſpice of my Booke. Neyther doubt I but that

you will as kindly entertayne it, as it is heartily recommended vnto you, considering my meaning, and learded *Martials*, is all one in this point:

Quod non argentum, quod non tibi misimus aurum,
Hoc facimus causa (Stella diserte) tua
Quisquis magna dedit, voluit sibi magna remitti,
Fictilibus nostris exoneratus eris.

That we no Gold nor Siluer doe thee send,
Twas for thy sake (kinde Stella) *courteous Friend.*
Who great things giue, doe looke for great againe,
Our trifling toyes shall ease thee of that paine.

This Worke then being but a trifle, my labour therein cannot be much, which, neuertheleſſe, if it be any, is onely due to your true, courteous, and bountifull Nature; to which not my ſelfe alone, but diuers other Gentlemen, as well Engliſh as Strangers, were beholding for the kinde Entertainment you gaue vs at our being in Italy together. Accept then, this ſmall Mite in part of a greater amends. It is ſome comfort to an honeſt minde, to tender what (to his power) he can, although not what he ſhould; and better to repay a ſmall Intereſt, then keepe backe Principall and All, as many Bancke-rupts (of good Manners) vſe now a dayes to doe. And thus with my beſt wiſhes for the good of your Worthy ſelfe, and of your vertuous Lady, the true Paralell of all Courtly Perfection, I end,

From my Lodging in
Holborne, *this 7. of*
Nouember, 1614.

Ingeniouſly deuoted
to your Worſhip,

R. T.

TO THE IVDICIOVS VNDERSTANDER:

To the Ignorant READER: and to the base CARPER whatsoeuer.

LEarned) to you, whose true Gentilitie
Is match't with Vertue in Affinitie,
Into whose fluent Vaine, the Muses nine
Distill all Knowledge, Humane and Diuine,
Who haue the gifts of Tongues to vnderstand,
(Pure Linguists right) the state of euery Land:
Whose Eglets Spirits to mount on high are found,
And not as fearefull Swallow, lowe on ground:
Whose boundlesse Ocean of Intelligence,
Containes (of Artes) the subtile Quintessence.
Your curteous Nature, being so sweetly fram'd,
As it commends, what's worthier to be blam'd:
To you alone, and vnto none but you,
I offer vp my Selfe, and Booke, as due.
As for that golden Skonse with leaden VVit,
I scorne, for scorne, doth Ignorance best fit.
Rich dunghill Midas *with his Asses eares,*
VVho (with his Heeles) not with Discretion heares:
The perfum'd gilt-Spurre Muske-Cat, Valours shame,
VVho is not (as he counterfeits) the same:

Wearing

To the Reader.

Wearing a ſilver Sword for faſhion ſake,
And yet diſgracefull Blowes and words will take:
Whoſe Speech and Ruffe ſeeme Both, as One to be,
Of the new Set, (Twins in Formalitie,)
Where, if you barre him from his Common places,
He is tongue-tide then, for therein his chiefe grace is,
Whoſe Apiſh Trickes and Nods, with ducking low,
The perfect Type of Vanitie doth ſhow,
Whilſt (capring for the nonce) his Coyne muſt jingle,
His ſole Attendance being his loathſome Ingle:
Thinking he ſhould be prays'd for his pyde Cloathes,
(For he no better parts (than theſe are) ſhowes:)
All ſuch, I barre, and baniſh from my Booke,
Leſt they profane it with vnhallowed Looke.
Their muſty Scoffes I handy them againe,
As ſtrucken Ball flyes backe from whence it came.
Theſe wry-mouth'd Curs that barke, but dare not bite;
(Their Mothers (but not Fathers) Children right;)
Ile ſcourge from hence, and gaule them to the quicke,
Whilſt on themſelues, not me, they poiſon ſpit.
But vnto you (Iudicious) all Reſpect,
As to the Scoffers Hate and baſe Neglect:
Nor (if they are marryed) doe I wiſh them worſe,
Then to be plagu'd with IEALOVSIES *blacke Curſe.*
And he that (cauſeleſſe) with my Booke findes fault,
I will maintaine with Vulcans *Creſt doth halt;*
Iudge (mildely) with ſober Diſcretion then,
So ſhall you be like Angels, and not Men.

R. T.

TO THE NO LESSE NOBLE, THEN FAIRE,

and yet not more faire then learned,

the Lady GASPARA STAMPA.

HAste, and matchleſſe VIRGIN, I might iuſtly be taxed to haue forgot my ſelfe doubly, at one time: as well, concerning my bounden duety towards your beautious ſelfe, as in reſpect of the many Deſerts, which that great Scholler learned *Varchi*, doth merit, if I ſhould not (without lingring or temporiſing any longer) make a Preſent vnto the world, of this his admirable and dainty conceited Lecture, ſhadowed vnder your ſweet and much priſed Name; for then, like a malitious fore-ſtauling Merchant, I ſhould engroſſe vnto my ſelfe, that deare commoditie of Praiſe, which is onely due to ſuch a worthy man alone, and like an vnthankefull perſon, ſhew but little, or rather nothing at all, how much I am beholding vnto you, as well in my thoughts, as in all other my proceedings whatſoeuer. Which Acknowledgement (although I muſt needes confeſſe I am to blame therein) enuiting, and as it were, wooing mee to make you ſome ſatisfaction for my backewardneſſe in this poynt, to which your

peereleſſe

peereleſſe Worth, and ſpotleſſe Vertue draw mee on, and not knowing what fit courſe to take (conſidering I haue not (as now) any thing of mine owne, worthy of your gracious acceptance) yet hath it beene ſome comfort vnto mee, in that my minde giueth mee, that this Diſcourſe following ſhall be ſufficient to ſhew ſome part of my good meaning towards you: as likewiſe in ſome ſort to ſatisfie the excellency of graue VARCHI's ſelfe. And becauſe I know that it is a meere vanitie of ſuch, as prayſing and extolling the Bountie and Goodneſſe of God, imagine that by their many words (onely) they ſhall be able to commend it the more; therefore I hiding and concealing the prayſes of VARCHI, and of Monſig^or *De la* CASA, will onely ſay, that they (both) will hold themſelues ſufficiently commended, when they ſhall vnderſtand, that this their much wiſht-for Treatiſe, ſhall be read and eſteemed of, by ſuch a prayſe-worthy Creature as is your ſelfe, your admirable wit and ſound Iudgement in euery thing, being ſuch as you farre exceede any one of your ſexe, and therefore, counted one of our Italian Paragons, and that not vnworthily. I therefore make bold, to preſent you with this deepe and excellent Oration or Speech, and relying vpon the wonted Affabilitie of your courteous Nature, deſire to be commanded by the ſame alwayes.

FRANCESCO SANSOVINO.

The Liues of the Authour of this Worke, BENEDETTO VARCHI, and of FRANCESCO SANSOVINO, the publisher of the same, whose EPISTLE *is before.*

BENEDETTO VARCHI, borne in *Florence*, (the chiefe Citie for Beauty and Wealth, in all *Tuscanie*) had to his Schoole-master one *Gaspar Marescotto*, of *Maradi*, (a small Towne in *Lombardie*) who taught him as wel Latine as Greeke, but could not by any meanes endure his Schollers should read any Booke in their owne Mother Language. As he grew in yeeres, so did hee profit in Learning, and in his youthfull time deuoted himselfe vnto the vertuous Seruice of a faire and learned Gentlewoman, called *Gaspara Stampa*, (as by the Epistle written before you may perceiue) hee making account of her, more for the beautie of her minde, than for that of her body; she being as much admired for her excellent Qualities, as any one Gentlewoman of her time in all *Italy*. Hee wrote many learned workes, especially, that called L'HERCOLANO, where hee discourseth of all Languages in generall; but especially of the Excellency of the Tuscane tongue. Hee liued in good credit all his life time, being very gratious with *Cosmo*,

Duke of *Florence*, and with the Signorie of *Venice*: hauing a most bountifull pension from them, for being one of the chiefe Readers in their famous Vniuersitie of *Padoa*; about which time (he being the President of that learned Academie of the IMFIAMATI there) deliuered this Oration, in an honourable Assembly, before the Duke himselfe, and many other noble Personages, with great commendation, and kinde applause of them all. But after this (being growne in yeeres) hee returned backe into *Tuscanie*, his natiue Countrey, where after he had seene many fayre and happy yeeres: hee dyed at a Summer-house hee had, not farre from *Florence*, leauing *Thomazo Lenzo*, Bishop of *Fermo*, and *Girolamo Razzi*, a Carthusian Frier, his Executors; and lyeth buried in the *Domo*, the Cathedrall Church of *Florence*.

The Life of FRANCESCO SANSOVINO, the first Publisher of this Worke in the Italian tongue.

AS for FRANCESCO SANSOVINO, hee also was a *Florentine* borne; and besides his Schollership, was so notable an Architect, as for his skill hee was surnamed *Archa de Noe*, The Arke of NOAH. Hee was of familiar acquaintance with this Authour BENEDETTO VARCHI, and with a Brother of the foresaid Ladyes, *Gaspara Stampa*, called *Balthazar Stampa*, (a Sonnet of which Gentlemans I haue translated, and set downe amongst mine other Notes, in the Description of Care. To conclude, this

Francis

and of the first Publisher of this Worke.

Francis Sansouino liued (in his youth) much in *Rome*, but growing in yeeres, hee came to *Venice*, where the Signorie, imploying him about their buildings of S^t. *Marke*, bestowed an ancient pension on him, during his life: he dying about the yeere 1570. Hee had a Kinseman about that time liuing in *Florence*, called *Iacomo Sansouino*, so sincere and honest a man of life, as he was surnamed *Speculum Florentiæ*, (the Mirrour, or Looking-glasse of *Florence*.) Hee dyed of the Gowte, and was buried in the same Graue his Cosin *Francis Sansouino* was enterred (who after his death was brought from *Venice* to *Florence*) in the famous Church of Saint *Iohn Baptist*, (called in Italian *Il Battesimo*,) the Saint and Patron of the aforesaid Citie.

To the Iealous Husband, vpon this Translation by his kinde Friend Mr. *R. T.*

THou that beleeu'st no Female *Virtue, Thou*
Which so good lookes, and such false loue canst-show
(Enough for fashion) but still doubt'st thy friend,
Least to thy choiseſt Piece he make his end.
Vnhappy soule! that to what's Good art blind,
That alwayes seekst, what thou fearst most to find.
That runst before thy Faire one *in the street,*
So, with foule mouths, *that thy sly ears may meet,*
Such as dare black the name of Goodnesse, *such*
As n'ere speake true but when they say, 'ts too much,
Thou shouldst enioy what Fortune, not thy worth
Hath giu'n thee in her. *Thou that ne're go'st forth*
But with a longing to heare what they talk
Of Euphys, Sophron, *if they chance but walk,*
Through thy faint kindnesse, to thy faireſt home,
And then art gal'd to heare some fained dome
Which may concerne thy forehead, that's most free
For them to philip, who most like thee bee;
That's such as know nor Virtue, neither can
Nor wish to know; that haue the name of Man
Only because they Prate, or Get, or Tell
The fortune of their Voiage, buy and sell;
Can only these, and Fashion; or for worse,
If any be, then hee that's only Purse.
And, were not Baſentesse *by hir virtue scornd,*
Lord how securely, Dyſzel, *thou'dst be hornd.*
Thou that to * Coquage *sacrificest, when*
The Calender of Gods was made, mongst men
Coquage *was occupi'd, while* Ioue *assign'd*

* The God of *Cuckolds.* Rablais in Hist. *Pantagruel. lib. 3. chap. 33.*

To all the other Gods what ſpeciall kind
Of Sacrifices, *and what* Place, *what Day*
Their Tides *ſhould be on; none but he away*
No room in Heauen left him; Ioue's *Decree*
Was that he ſhould with Goddeſſe Iealouſie
Partake in Tide, *but that, on* Earth *alone,*
(*Excluded* Heauen) *his Dominion*
Should be mongſt thoſe whoſe liberty was loſt
By Female *vnion, but of all, thoſe moſt*
Which bleſt were with the Fayreſt, *yet of them*
Onely o're ſuch as ſacrific'd to him
With feare, ſuſpicion, ſearching, ſpyes *and* doubt.
None ſhould his Godlike preſence Grace without
Such daily rites; no fauour, help, or aid,
To any from him, while thoſe dues vnpaid.
But, as an Appanage, his Deity
Should to the Iealous *ſtill companion be.*
Thou that vnable fram'ſt thy policy
Gainſt the Braguettes, *and with Treachery*
Vainly reſiſts what the ſweet ſex would doe
With him they call on, great * S^t. Balletrou.
Thou that deſeruſt it, nor hadſt ſo long miſt
What thou ſo ſeekſt for, if a Spagiriſt
Could ſaue hir Honors indiuiduall part,
Yet giue the blow, thou knowſt, would neuer ſmart.
You that are n'ere at reſt but when you wear
Hans Caruel's *Ring. Thou eldeſt Child of Fear,*
That of thy Madneſſe *firſt by* Varchi *done*
See here made ours, to vs our Friend alone
Is as firſt AVTHOR. *His deſert muſt haue*
What Cenſure to firſt Authors *euer gaue.*

* Much worſhip't in *Sheeland*, and his Caſtle Chappel, or Shrine is the *Braguettes*.

The Cenſure of a Friend, vpon this *Tranſlation, done by* R. T. *Gentleman.*

WHat of this Booke the beſt Wits cenſure will,
My reach of apprehenſion hath not skill
To preſuppoſe. The reaſon's ordinary:
Becauſe mens Iudgements with their Mindes doe vary:
And for th'opinion of the Vulgar kinde,
(My ſelfe being one) they ſure are of my minde,
Who, if my ſenſe makes not my cenſure erre,
This ſubiect doth on each degree conferre
A benefit. The Iealous here may view,
(As in a Glaſſe) what of himſelfe is true.
The Man or Wife from this pollution free,
(For deteſtation thereof) here may ſee,
The ſubſtance and ſucceſſe of Iealouſie.
Vnmarryed Youth (of eythe ſexe) are here
Preſcrib'd a Caution, and a courſe to cleare
Themſelues of this. The auncient may collect
Prime Principles to diſpoſſeſſe Suſpect,
Not ouer-growne in any hee or ſhee,
Diſcouering but th'Effects of Iealouſie.
Thus haue I th'Information of my wit,
And ſhallow Iudgement ſpent in prayſe of it,
Which here my Friend tranſlates: if more be fit
In laud of him (ſo that with truth't agrees)
Thankes to the Writer, more then I, hee ſees.

ANTH. MAR:

To his Friend Mr. *R. T.* vpon the *Translation of this Worke.*

SO many write: some for the fame of Prayse,
And some their empty houres to entertaine:
That Bookes are held but in these later dayes,
Th'abortiue Issue of an idle Braine.

And hence proceedes the generall disesteeme,
The great Neglect of Learning and of Wit;
When men proue not in action what they seeme,
But write their fancyes rather then what's fit.

Which Errour thou obseruing, and our age
Fallen into an incurable Disease,
Walk'st not with those in common Equipage,
But writ'st as well to profit as to please.
This little Booke shewes Wit and Learning to,
A great deale more than greater Volumes doe.

W. L.

GEntle Reader, Linxes ſight was not ſo ſharpe, but that now and then it ouer-ſaw; and Argus, for all his hundred eyes, was ouer-taken in the end: Be one neuer ſo curious or carefull, yet may a man miſtake. Some few faults haue eſcaped in the Printing of this Booke, as in fol. 34. for luſty reade lazy: the reſt I hope thine owne diſcretion will guide thee to correct. And ſo fare thou well.

THE

THE BLAZON of *Fealouſie*.

EVen as the omnipotent and incomprehenſible [a] HOLY ONE, is not alone the Author and Preſeruer of this vniuerſall world, and of euery thing that moueth therin; but is (likewiſe) moſt glorious and moſt abſolute, moſt bleſſed and moſt perfect, beyond all humane beliefe and imagination; ſo hath he giuen and imparted to all creatures, (moſt Princely Duke, Honourable and Graue Senators, and yee my Fellowes and Companions of [b] this flouriſhing ACADEMIE of this moſt ſer-

[a] God the beginning of all things (the IDEA and patterne of all Good and Goodneſſe) is that Almightie Omnipotencie, which wanteth Beginning and Ending, which being made of None, hath by his owne power created all things: and as another ſaith excellent well;

God is beyond fraile ſenſe to comprehend.
Hee, firſt, beganne All, and of All is End.

[b] Amongſt other laudable cuſtomes, vſed among the better ſort of learned Gentlemen in *Italy*, their priuate Exerciſes, called ACADEMIES, are moſt commendable and praiſe-worthy, of which the INTRONATI of *Sienna*, the INFIAMMATI of *Padoa*, the GELOSI of *Rome*, the PAZZI, the ZOPPI, and ſuch like, are of moſt fame and note: the manner whereof is after this ſort. A certaine number of Gentlemen (the beſt Schollers and Courtiers of ſuch Cities, where they enhabit) draw themſelues into a Societie and Company together, whereof the Duke himſelfe, or the chiefe Magiſtrate of that Citie is (alwayes) one. Theſe, once a weeke, at ſome houre ſet downe, in the afternoone, aſſemble and meete in a goodly Hall, appoynted for that purpoſe; where one of them mounteth vp to a place called the *Harangue*, a little higher than the reſt, and in his owne naturall language maketh an Oration of an houre long, of what Subiect or Theame ſoeuer himſelfe ſhall like beſt: this Orator hauing warning ſo to doe, by an Officer, a pretty while before his day. For they chuſe euery halfe yeere a Conſull or chiefe Magiſtrate amongſt them, who appoynteth ſundry men to the *Harangue*, for ſundry dayes; and when the houre of their Aſſembly approacheth, all the Gentlemen of that Company repayre to the Conſuls houſe, bringing him honourably to his Chayre, where hee ſitteth higheſt, although the Duke or chiefe Gouernour of that Citie be there preſent. And theſe be the Gentlemen of the fore-ſaid Academies, who in the *Chriſtmas* and *Carnouall* time (tearmed by vs *Shrow-tide*) deuiſe many rare ſhowes & ſports, preſenting before the Ladies and Gentlewomen (there) excellent, witty, and pleaſant conceited Comedies, with ſuch like delightfull Exerciſes, to their owne no ſmall commendations and credit, and to the wonderfull applauſe and contentment as well of their owne Countrymen as of all other ſtrangers whatſoeuer.

C uent

uent and zealous INFIAMMATI,) not onely a naked Substance or Beeing, by meanes whereof they onely are; but moreouer, a good and perfect Beeing, so farre forth, as each ones nature is apprehensible and capable. And hereof it proceedeth that all things contend to be like the Creator, so farre as they are able, and naturally couet and desire (aboue all) not onely (simply) to exist and bee, but farther also, to be perfect and happy, each thing in that, which best standeth with his owne nature and qualitie.

And because (as the [c] Philosopher saith in his Booke, *De Cælo*) God and [d] Nature make not any thing in vaine; therefore haue all things their Meanes, Faculties, or Possibilities, as well to attaine vnto these two things, as to preserue and keepe them: for as concerning their existence or beeing, they (generally) haue a kinde of promptnesse and inclination (as wee may tearme it) from Nature her selfe, to defend and protect themselues (as much as their force will giue them leaue) from all such things as may offend, or corrupt them, any way.

Now to doe good, or to doe well, they haue likewise a kinde of appetite or desire, through which instinct, they (all) couet, and seeke, what is good, or (at least) that which they imagine to be good for them: As contrariwise, they shunne, and haue in hatred, what, eyther is, or, which may be presupposed by them, to be hurtfull, and bad, considering they are (many times) deceiued before they be aware.

Neyther must we thinke, that the knowledge of the [e] Senses, as well exteriour, as interiour, (as I may say) of liuing Creatures, was giuen them to any other end, but onely for this, *viz.* that their Iudgements should eyther pricke them forward

to

[c] He meaneth *Aristotle*, (Disciple to *Plato*) who was an admirable singular wittie man, inferiour to None; *Platoes* Better in varietie of knowledge, and all the worlds Superiour in disputation.

[d] Nature is that Spirit or diuine Reason, which is the efficient Cause of naturall works, and the preseruing cause of those things that haue beeing, through the onely power of the heauenly Word.

[e] The exteriour Senses are the powers of the Soule and Body, and are in number fiue, *viz.* Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting and Touching: the right vse of which may be set downe thus;

Looke, but aright, and long but for your owne.
Heare all alike, and Trust, when Truth is knowne.
Taste (but to feed) yet feede not (still to please.)
Touch neuer more, than lawfull is to sieze.
The Senses thus you (rightly) shall enioy,
Which (oft) makes many, Seruants of annoy.

to good, or else draw them backe from that which is euill: and the Actions of these Faculties or Powers, which our [f] Soules haue to follow such things, as doe delight and helpe, or be loathsome and to be auoyded, were called by the Latines, [g] Affections or Perturbations of the [h] Minde; but the Tuscanes (following, in this, as in many other matters, the Grecians) tearme them [i] Passions, because the whole minde (being troubled and stirred vp through the same) doth suffer and endure. Now, of all the perturbations and passions, which haue their Beeing & Breeding in the vnreasonable part of our Soules, and which are chiefly [k] foure, (as I haue discoursed, heretofore more at large in this place,) there is no question, but that [l] LOVE aboue all the other three, is (by much odds) most potent and strong, as being that, from whom (if finde their force of no effect worth esteeming: and to this purpose, one writeth very well thus:

Sad perturbations, that Affections guide.
Should not giue iudgement till their Cause were tride.

[f] The Soule is a created Substance, invisible, incorporall, and immortall, resembling the Image of her Creator: *Plato* deuideth the Soule into three parts, in his *Timeus*, placing Anger in the Heart, Concupiscence in the Lyuer and Splene, and Reason (the Lady and Gouernesse of the worke) in the Braine.

[g] *Plato* saith, that Affections in a man, are like Nerues or little Sinewes or strings, wherby Nature draweth vs forward into contraries, as themselues are contrary; but he that hath giuen his Reason (once) dominion ouer them, shall

[h] The Minde is that bright eye which guides the Soule, and gouernes men in all their actions whatsoeuer: and as one saith;

The Minde hath in it selfe a Deitie,
And in the stretching Circle of the eye
All things are compast, all things present still.
Will *fram'd to power doth make vs what wee will.*

[i] Passions are certaine internall Acts or Operations of the Soule, bordering vpon Reason and Sense, prosecuting some good thing, or flying some ill thing, causing (therewithall) some alteration in the Body. [k] *Viz.* Loue, Hate, Ioy and Sorrow; and they haue foure chiefe Gouernours, Reason, Patience, Time, and Experience. [l] Loue, according to *Plato*, is three-fold; the first imbraceth Vertue onely; the second is infamous, which preferreth bodily pleasure; and the third is of the body and the soule: nothing more noble than the first, than the second nothing more vile: the third is equall to both. But this Loue of which our Author now speaketh, is comprehended in these two lines onely:

Loue is a Fiend, a Fire, a Heauen, a Hell,
Where Pleasure, Paine, Griefe, and Repentance dwell.

But hee that will see a most liuely description of this kinde of Loue, indeede, and more at large, let him reade Mr. *Michael Draitons* Definition thereof, in *The Flowers of English Parnassus.*

wee consider throughly thereof) All the rest proceede, and therefore not without great reason, was it said of the Father and Prince of [m] Romane Poets:

L' Amer vince tutte le cose.
Loue ouercomming euery thing,
Vnder his proud subiection doth vs bring.

And the auncient Poets, and Theologitians of *Greece*, meant no other thing, by the mysticall Historie of *Paris* (who leauing *Pallas* the Goddesse of Wisedome, and *Iuno* the Lady of Wealth and Riches, tooke part with *Venus*, the Commandresse of Beautie) but to shew the meruailous, and incredible power of Loue; because Loue dominiereth ouer vs, as doth our [n] Will, which draweth and forceth vs vnto his scope and drift: this his motion being most vehement, and more stirring than any other whatsoeuer; as well in respect of himselfe, (Loue being most mighty and powerfull) as also for that it groweth, and increaseth, with the good leaue, the quicke readines, and best liking of our owne will; so that it is no otherwise, than like that man, who is not alone fiercely spurred forward with a continuall force, but (as it were) is vrged thereunto, through his owne willingnesse, maugre his owne might, and as they say, quite against the hayre.

And certainely, were it not but that Nature, (who for many respects, is thought by diuers, to be rather a • cruell stepdame, than a kinde and louing mother) had ordayned that all our sweet

[m] Of *Virgil* it is said, that for his great learning and iudgement, hee encountred with *Theocritus*, vanquisht *Hesiodus*, and ranne the selfe-same race, as fairely and as well as *Homer* himselfe did.

[n] The Stoickes hold, that, onely to be Will, when a thing is firmely and constantly desired, and therefore it is defined to be a Desire of any thing with Reason, which is in a wise man onely; but that which is against reason, is called Lust, or an inordinate desire, being resident in all Fooles: whereupon an English Poet, setting downe the difference betwixt Will and Wit, writes thus:

Will *holds the royall Scepter in the Soule.*
And o'er the Passions of the Heart doth raigne.
Wit, *is the Minds chiefe Iudge, which doth controule*
Of Fancies Court, the iudgement false and vaine.
Will *puts in practise what the* Wit *deuiseth.*
Will *euer acts, and* Wit *contemplates still:*
And as in Wit *the power of Wisedome riseth,*
All other Vertues, Daughters are to Will.

• And yet there are foure chiefe bridles by which Nature is curbed, which are Want, Authoritie, Hope, and Feare.

meates

meates should be (euer) seasoned with sowre sawce, then doubtlesse should euery one be most happy, but ᵖ aboue all, loyall Louers should be more blessed than the rest. But as no sweetnesse, no pleasure, nor happinesse, are so delightfull, so pleasant, nor so much desired, as that which proceedeth from Loue; euen so againe, those bitter pils, those vntollerable Griefes, and those disasterous Mischances, or rather Mischiefes, which fall out in Loue, exceede (beyond all comparison,) all other Torments, and Tortures whatsoeuer, as they who haue proued, and tryed them, finde it to be but ouer-true, especially the ᵠ *Perottinian* Louers.

Yet will I not denie, (but iustifie what I now speake, for a most constant truth) that all those disdainfull Disgraces, but now spoken of, all those burning Martyrings, all those insupportable Punishments, and to be briefe, all those vnspeakable bloudy Passions in Loue, (yea, were they (All) placed in one body together) are nothiug, or rather, passing pleasing and sweet, in respect of that one damned Feare, or hellish Suspect, or rather vncurable Plague, and deadly Poyson, cleped ʳIEALOVSIE: which (coupled together with Loue,) is no other thing, then (as hath oftentimes beene deliuered in this place,) *A certaine eager and earnest Desire to enioy the* ˢ *Beauty of one*

ᵖ To this sense, one imitating *Arioste* (herein) saith thus:

The ioyes of Louers, if they still should last,
Without Affliction, or Disquietnesse,
That worldly Chances doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth, too great a Blessednesse;
Liker to Heauen, than to mortall wretchednesse.
Therefore the winged God, to let them weete
That here on earth is no true Happinesse.
A thousand sowres hath tempered with one sweet,
To make it seeme more dainty, as is meete.

ᵠ A Tragedy so called, presented by the Gentlemen of the INTRONATI, in *Sienna*, where all the Actors in the same, came to seuerall vnfortunate and disasterous ends.

ʳ *Socrates* saith, *Iealousie* is a disease of the minde, proceeding from a Feare, which a man hath, lest that thing be communicated to another, which hee would not (in any wise) haue cõmon, but priuate to himselfe.

ˢ *Beautie* (as a certaine graue and learned Gentleman, our Country-man writeth) is nothing else, but a iust proportion of the parts, with an apt correspondency in colours in these inferiour bodies: of which Subiect, the immortall *Muse*, of our euer memorable SPENSER, singeth thus:

Nought vnder heauen, so strongly doth allure
The Sense of Man, and all his Minde possesse,
As Beauties louelieſt bait, that doth procure
Great Warriours (oft) their Rigour to suppresse,
And mighty Hands forget their Manlinesse.
Driuen with the power of an Heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in Flowers of a golden Tresse,
That can with melting pleasance mollifie
Their hardened Hearts enur'd to Cruelties.

[t] Hee saith so, because, none haue written at all (to speake of any thing to the purpose,) of this Subiect before, and this (*so much*, as hee tearmeth it) is onely here and there a Stanzo of *Arioſto's*, in his *Orlando Furioſo*: and this one Sonet of Monſig^or *De la Caſa*, commented vpon by this Author: but now of late a Country-man of mine, although a ſtranger vnto mee, called Mr. *George Wither*, hath penn'd diuers witty Satyres, whereof one is of this Subiect, which you may read in his *Abuſes ſtript and whipt*. *alone, by himſelfe onely*. Of which Subiect, not any Poet, eyther Latine or Græcian, (let it I beſeech yee (noble Auditors) be lawfull for mee boldly to ſpeak what I think) nor hath any other [t] diſcourſed thereon (ſo much) or ſo learnedly, as two rare, and (as I may ſay) diuine Wits of this our Age haue done; the firſt of which, and the moſt auncient, was that learned and iudicious M^r. [v] *Lodouico Arioſto* of *Ferrara*; and the other is the reuerend Lord, *Giouanni*, ſurnamed [x] *De la Caſa*. The one in

[u] *Lodouicus Arioſto*, borne in *Rheggio*, a towne ſubiect to the Dukedome of *Ferrara*, wrote that famous worke ORLANDO FVRIOSO, in honour of Cardinall *Hipolito* d'ESTA, his Lord and Maiter, (whom hee then followed,) beſides diuers other Bookes, as his Comedies, Tragedies, and Satyres; which Satyres I tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe, with Notes vpon the ſame; although, vnknowne to mee, they were ſet forth in another mans name. In his later time, being ſomewhat diſcontented, hee with-drew himſelfe priuately home to his owne houſe, where after hee had continued a few yeeres, hee dyed of a payne in his ſtomacke, and was buryed in S. *Bennets* Church in *Ferrara*, where hee hath a fayre Monument of white Marble, with his Statue erected thereupon, and this Epitaph:

Lodouico Arioſto *Poetæ, Patritio Ferrarienſi*, Auguſtinus Muſtus *tanto viro, ac de ſe bene merenti Tumulum & Effigiem Marmoreum ære proprio poſuit*. Ann. Dom. 1571.
Alfonzo ſecundo Duce.

Hic ARIOSTVS *eſt ſitus qui Comico*
Aures Theatri ſparſit vrbanus ſale,
Satiraq; mores ſtrinxit acer improbos:
Heroa cultu, qui FVRENTEM *carmine*
Ducumq; curas cecinit atq; prælia,
Vates Corona dignus vnus triplici,
Cui trina conſtant quæ fuere vatibus,
Graïs, Latinis, vixq; Hetruſcis ſingula.

Natus eſt *Arioſt.* 1474. Vixit annos. 59. Obijt anno ſalutis, 1533. Idus 8. Iulij.

But if you will know his whole life more at large, then reade the fore-ſaid Engliſh Satyres, where you ſhall be ſatisfied at the full. [x] This man was both a Philoſopher and a Poet, borne not far from Florence, and liuing within the memory of man. He wrote many Sonnets in praiſe of a faire Gentlewoman, his Miſtreſſe, called DIANA, of the houſe of the *Saluiati* in Florence; and a Treatiſe in Proſe of Good Manners, (ycleped *Galateo*) much in requeſt amongſt the Italians. Hee was very inward with Cardinall *Bembo*, *Speron Sperone*, *Benedetto Varchi*, and other learned men of his time, with whom hee conuerſed (for a certaine time) in *Venice*, in the *interim* of which, hee wrote an excellent Oration (penn'd in the behalfe of *Horatio*, Grand-childe to Pope *Paul* the third, of the houſe of the *Farneſi* in Rome) who petitioned with the ſame, to the Emperor *Charles* the fift, that he might ſucceed *Peter Luigi* his father, in the Dukedome of Parma and Piacenza, (as afterward he did) the Emperour commending highly the foreſaid Oration. This *Giouan de la Caſa*, held *Petrarch* to be a better Poet than *Dant*, contrary to the opinions of moſt Schollers in thoſe daies. To conclude, he growing in yeeres, returned backe to Florence, where he dyed of the payne of the Collicke, and in the 62. yeere of his age, & lyeth buryed in the *Certoſt*, a Sumptuous Monaſtery, not far from Florence.

his first Stanza of his 31. Canzon of his *Orlando Furioso*, The other in a Sonnet of his owne, no lesse graue, then learned, and as daintie, as euery way witty, which hee made in the prime of his young and blooming yeeres: which Sonnet, I (following the laudable custome of this most flourishing Academie) and to shew my deuoted Affection, and dutious Seruice, vnto you (most Royall Prince) haue made choyse of (this day) to explaine and expound at large, according vnto that small Talent, which it hath pleased the Almightie Power to bestow vpon mee.

To commend, as is reason, and were but fitting, the Bountie and Learning of this our Author; his owne Greatnesse, and mine Insufficiencie, his discreete Modestie, and natiue Country (common vnto vs Both) forbid mee to say what I should, although I am not ignorant, but that as well the one, as the other, is knowne vnto the *maior* part of you here present: part also, shall you perceiue thereof, by this his admirable Sonnet, which whilest I repeate, and make plaine, vouchsafe of your acustomed gentlenesse (as your courteous nature is wont to doe) with still attention to giue mee the hearing.

SONETTO.

CVRA, che di timor ti nutri, & cresci,
Et tosto fede à tuoi sospetti acquisti,
Et mentre con la fiamma il gelo mesci,
Tutto'l regno d'Amor turbi, & contristi.
Poi che in brieu'hora entro'l mio dolc'hai misti
Tutti gli'amari tuoi, de'l mio cor esci,
Torna à Cocito, à, i lagrimosi, & tristi
Ghiacci d'Inferno, iui' à te stessa incresci.

Iui

Iui senza riposo, i giorni mena,
Senza sonno le notti, iui ti duoli
Non men di dubbia che di certa pena.
Vattene: à che piu fiera, che nel suoli;
S'el tuo velen m'è corso in ogni vena,
Con nuone Larue, à me riterni, & voli?

CARE, thou that nourisheſt thy ſelfe, o'er bold
With Feare, encreaſing ſtill, and ſoone doſt gaine
Credit, to thy ſuſpitions, whilſt chill cold
Thou mingleſt with a hot and burning Flame;
By which thou all the Kingdome of milde Loue
Doſt trouble, heauy make, and too much moue?

Since thou ſo ſoone vpon my ſugred Sweete
Haſt mixt thy bitter Drugs, hence from my Heart,
Turne backe to Cocitus, and to thoſe Icies Deepe,
Thoſe ſad, and wofull waters, full of ſmart;
Pack (hence) to Hell, thou worſe than helliſh Elfe,
There, vexe, torment, and gawle thine inward ſelfe.

There (without reſt) prolong thy weary dayes;
There, let thy nights, without en ſleepe be ſpent;
There torture ſtill, and grieue thy ſelfe (alwayes)
As well with doubtfull, as ſure puniſhment:
Fret thine owne bowels forth, ſtamp, ſtare, be mad,
Be euer heauy, neuer blithe, nor glad.

Diſpatch, begone; why fiercer than before,
And farre more ſtronger, then thou wontſt to be,
(Since venim thine, to poyſon mee the more,
Through euery veyne diſperſed is in mee.)
Doſt thou returne (afreſh) in ſhadowes new,
The more to make me ſtill to waile and rew?

The Subiect of this high and Egelike Sonnet, which is both for the Conceit, the Words, and the Order of the Verse, solemne and graue, and replete, full of a kinde of religious and compassionate Indignation and Anger, seemeth to mee, that it is willing to instruct, and declare (no lesse according vnto the truth, and like a wise † Philosopher, then Poetically, with great * Inuention and Skill) what thing *Iealousie* is, whence it springeth, how it is nourished, and what a wicked, and hurtfull plague it is. And this hee sheweth, by the Effects, and Accidents of the same, which being more apparent, and better knowne vnto vs, (than the Occasions and Substance thereof) will stand vs in great stead (as testifieth *Aristotle* in his first Booke *De Anima*, to learne vs to know, of what nature and condition it is:) and therefore hee fayneth (or perhaps because it was so indeede) to discharge, and to driue from him, that frightfull Monster, and infernall Fury, which with her sad and blacke poyson, had very much troubled him, in his Bitternesse, turning all his amorous sweetnesse into sowre and hatefull bitternesse. Neyther gaue shee ouer, (as if it had beene but a small thing to vexe him euery houre,) but rather became more grieuous, and troublesome (continually) vnto him. And although this Sonnet, might be deuided into two especiall parts, yet for our

† A Philosopher, according to *Ciceros* definition, is a Louer of Wisedome, and one that is learned in the knowledge and vnderstanding of the Arts and Sciences which is the mother of all Vertue & Perfection: the Greeke Monuments recording two kinds of Philosophers. The Italians, out of that part of Italy, which is now called *Magna Grecia*, and the Ionian, in the Country now called Greece; *Pithagoras* of Samos, being the first Author of the name of Philosophers.

* There are seauen kindes of Poesies, in the Florentine tongue, as this our Author repeateth in his Italian *Heroicks*. The first and principall is that of *Dante* and *Petrarch*; the second, of *Luigi*, and *Lucas Pulci* (brethren;) the third, as *Burchiello* wrote (for he also was a Poet;) the fourth, the Chapters of *Berne*; the fift, the Sonnets of *Antonio Allemanni*:

and besides these fiue, there are two, to sing Pastorals; the one in Iest, as that called *Nencia di Lorenzo de Medicis*, and that *Beca*, of *Luca Pulci*; and another in truth, and in good earnest: and this also is diuided into two parts, for some write Eglogs, in loose Verse, and the other in Verse, ending in meeter or time: and this also is done two manner of wayes, eyther with ordinary verifying, or with that long kinde of smooth, sliding, and running Rime, which *Sannazar* vsed in his Writings and is in Italian called *Sdrucciolo*.

* Inuention is an Art, that hath more of the Wit, Imitation of the Will, yet Imitation commeth short of Inuention, although Inuention is the most dangerous of both.

more ease, and for the better vnderstanding thereof (because the matter is very difficult and hard) wee will diuide it into foure Stanza's:

The first thus:

a CARE, *thou that nourishest thy selfe (o'er bold)*
With Feare, encreasing still, and too-too soone dost gaine
Credit, to thy suspaions, whilst chill cold
Thou mingleste with a hot and burning Flame,
By which, thou, All the Kingdome of milde Loue
Dost trouble, heauy make, and too much mone.

In this first part, in which the foure things (before specified) are contayned, our Poet, no lesse learnedly than briefly, speaketh to IEALOVSIE, and most artificially calleth her, not by her direct and playne name, but vseth a *Periphrasis* here, and setteth downe a description of her, saying;

Care, thou that nourishest thy selfe, &c.

And this course did *Ariosto* take in his first Stanza, of his 31. *Canto*, who before hee deliuered her proper name, branded her with fiue villanous words, euery one of them being worse than other; and thus hee ranked them, as it were in battell aray: b *Suspicion*, c *Feare*, d *Care*, e *Griefe*, f *Death*.

a Of Care one prettily and briefly writes thus:

Men dye, and humane kinde
doth passe away,
Yet Care, that makes them die,
doth euer stay.

And mine old Acquaintance and Friend, Mr. *Henry Cunnestable*, hauing set downe this Passion in her right colours, I could not chuse but acquaint the Reader therewith.

Care, the consuming canker of
the minde.
The Discord that disorders
sweet Hearts tune.
Th'abortiue Bastard of a Co-
wards kinde,
The light-foote Lackie, that
runs post to death,
The busie Aduocate that sels
his breath,
Denouncing worst to him, that
is his Friend.

b Suspicion is a certaine doubtfull timerousnes of the minde, detaining the hart most fearefully, with sundry Affections and vncertaine proceedings, according to this saying:

Suspect bewrayes our thoughts, betrayes our words,
Wounds Hearts like sword, and nought but Griefe affords.

c Feare is two-fold, Good and Euill; Good Feare is that which is grounded vpon a good discourse of Reason, and Argument, standing in awe of blame, reproach and dishonour, more than of Griefe or Death: Euill Feare is destitute of Reason, and is that which wee call Cowardlinesse or Pusillanimitie, alwayes attended vpon with two perturbations of the Soule, Feare and Sadnesse: and of this sort is this whereof the Author speaketh, whereupon one saith well to this purpose.

Feare is defect of manly Fortitude,
Continually, by Dread and Doubt pursude.

Montagnie also saith, it is so strange a Passion, that as Philosophers affirme, there is none doth sooner transport our Iudgement out of his dew seate, then this doth: and to this purpose one saith thus:

Feare is more paine, than is the paine it feares,
Disarming humane minds of Natures might,
Where each conceits an vgly figure beares,
Which were not Euill, well view'd in Reasons sight.

Martyring,

[d] *Martyring*, [e] *Frenzie*, and *Madnesse*.

But because euery one of these foure Verses, are full of learning, and all the difficultie and hardnesse consisteth in this first part of the Sonnet, wee therefore for your better vnderstanding (therein) will explaine one Verse after another, with as great ease as wee may, and after the best manner wee can deuise.

Care, thou that nourishest thy selfe, o'er bold, &c.

Considering that in these first foure Verses hee defineth, or rather describeth what IEALOVSIE is; and there being two manner of Distinctions, the one, which declareth her name, the other, which sheweth her nature: pleaseth it you first to vnderstand that this Greeke word ζελοτυπια, compounded of two words, (from whence [f] *Gelosia*, that is, IEALOVSIE, commeth in our language) signifieth no other thing, than a certaine Emulation, or an Enuy, of Forme, or Beautie: which name it seemeth that the Latines want. [*] True it is that that famous Orator *Marke Tully*, translated it *Obtrectatio*, and defined it to be a Passion, wherewith some one man is possessed, least another, should holde and enioy that vvhich hee, onely coueteth to possesse and keepe alone. Others affirme, that IEALOVSIE is a certaine suspition which the Louer hath, of the party he chiefely loueth, least she should be enamoured of

[d] Martyring is a kinde of inward painefull Conceit or Thought, that vexeth and galleth as well the body as the minde of man most feelingly, not vnlike a martyring kinde of sensible racke or torture.

[e] Frenzy is a distemperature of the braine, through some sodaine affrighting or inward conceit, but Madnesse is a furious passion, that taketh away the right Senses and Wits for euer, whereupon one writeth thus:

This bedlam Madnesse for forerunner sends
Mannie & Frenzie, to suborne her Friend:
Whereof the one drying, the other ouer-warming
The feeble braine (the edge of Iudgement harming)
Within the Soule fantasticqly they fayne
A confus'd Hoste of strange Chymera's vaine.

[*] Definitions of IEALOVSIE.

[f] Three things (saith one) breedes IEALOVSIE; a mighty State, a rich Treasure, and a fayre Wife. This Fiend, a *quondam* kinde Acquaintance of mine, Mr. *Thomas Watson*, paynteth forth very liuely in these Verses:

Pale IEALOVSIE, childe of insatiate Loue,
Of Heart-sicke Thoughts which Melancholy bred,
A Hell tormenting Feare, no Faith can moue,
By Discontent with deadly poyson fed,
With headlesse youth, and Error naively led,
A mortall Plague, a Fortus drowning Flood,
A hellish Fire, not quenched but with Blood.

another. A third sort there is, that saith, IEALOVSIE is a fearefull and timerous suspicion or Doubt in the Louer, least the Woman whom hee affecteth, and whom hee would not haue to be common with any other man, should lend her body vnto another. All which three are in effect one, and the selfe-same thing; but yet particularly, and not vniuersally, as the right and perfect definitions vse to be set downe, because they comprehend that Party onely, which is iealous, by reason of his owne desire and proper longing or coueting; that is, that hee might (alone) enioy, what hee most wished for; as if there were no Iealousie to be had of our Daughters, Mothers, Sisters, or others, eyther shee kinred or Friends, which are left in our Custody, Wardship, and Protection, and whom wee desire to haue (not to enioy them our selues) but least some other, whom wee mislike or disdayne, should (against our wils, and to the disparagement of our Honor) get possession and interest in them. And therefore wee will say that IEALOVSIE is a certaine Feare or Doubt, least any one whom we would not, should enioy a Beautie that wee make account of; and, this, for two Reasons, eyther because wee our selues would enioy the same alone, or else, that such a one as we like and desire, might haue the sole fruition and possession thereof. Now there is no doubt but that IEALOVSIE is a Spice or Species of Enuy, and although it followeth not of necessitie, that whersoeuer Enuy

The Authors defining of IEALOVSIE.

* Enuy is a vice that inflicteth those most extreamely, that vse it most, and it (immediately) succeedeth Pride, by nature; for a proud man so loueth himselfe, that he grieues that any should excell him, which when he cannot auoid, then hee enuies them: and this is the difference betwixt Hatred and Enuy; Hate extendeth to Some, Enuy to All, whereupon one saith:

Enuy is nothing else but griefe of minde,
Conceiu'd that Others Happinesse doe finde:
'Tis Honours shame, and Glories scorne Foe,
Whose Fruits are Hate, Despight, sad Griefe and Woe.

where IEALOVSIE should be, yet is it necessary, that whersoeuer IEALOVSIE is the Precursor, there Enuy must be the Follower alwayes, as that which is a liuing Creature, is not a man, and yet euery man is a liuing Creature. Whereupon *Plato* defineth a Iealous man to be one, that hath an enuie or malice towards another, by reason of some amorous suspicion, which hee conceiueth against him. And for this cause (perhaps) our non-paraleld Poet *Petrarcq* in one of his sweet Sonnets, saith thus:

Liete & pensose, accompagnate, & sole,
Donne, che ragionando ite per via;
One, è la vita oue la morte mea, &c.

Fayre Ladies, yee, who talking vp and downe this way;
Pleasant and sad, accompanied, yet (alone) I see,
Ah, tell me, where's my Life? where is my Death I pray?
Why, is shee (now) not here? as she was wont to be.

Pleasant we are, when her we call but to our minde:
Sad, that, we cannot haue her wisht-for Company,
Whom ENVY *and bad* IEALOVSIE *doe stay behind,*
Whom neighbors good, more than their own mishap makes (cry.
But who can Louers bridle? who Lawes can them giue?
None can the Mind restraine. Anger and deep Despight
The Body for a while (perhaps) may vexe and grieue,
Which (now) on Her, and (then) on Me doth often light.

Yet if the Countenance be the Harts bright myrrour true
(As oft it is) then did we see her Beautie fayre,
To be ecclipst, whilst wee her lonely Eyes did view
Teares to distill from Limbecke of sad Care,
My comfort's this, in me fault was there none,
'Twas dread of lewd Tongues made her stay at home.

Although (as sometimes after the Poeticall manner) he maketh his LAVRA to be enamoured of her owne selfe, like another *Narcissus*, and so hides herselfe from him, as in this Sonnet of his; beginning,

Il mio Auersario, in cui videre solete, &c.

My mortall Foe, in whom you wonted were to see
Your diamond eyes, which heauen & loue do honor much
Not with his Beautie, (but your owne) makes you to be
Enamourd; tis so rare, so sweet, of Vertue such:

(Lady) by his aduise you haue casshiered me,
(A wofull Exile, from that lonely Lodge of mine)
Although I yeeld my selfe vnworthy for to be
Placed, where you sit crown'd with Fauour most diuine.

But had I bin (as you made show) deare in your Loue,
Me thinkes a paltry Looking-glasse in my disgrace
Should not haue made you halfe so proud, as to remoue
Your fancy from me, which you on your selfe (now) place.

Assure you, if you thinke but on Narcissus *fall,*
Your Destiny, and his, are like to be all one,
Although the ground (when you turne to a Flowre) shall
Vnworthy be for to enioy so rare a One.
Remember Pride's the roote of euery sinne;
Rather be Courteous, so you prayse shall winne.

And in that delightfull and pretty Canzon, which beginneth,

S' el pensier chi mi strugi
Come è pungente & saldo, &c.

If th' amorous Thought of mine that vexeth mee,
As it is fierce, had colour like the same,

Perhaps

Perhaps my Body then should heated be,
And I should Partner be, in that Loues Flame,
That Flame of Loue which now doth sleepe in her
(May chance) would then beginne in me to stirre.

If so, I then should not so idly line,
I then (abroad) should waite and on her tend;
Nor I so much with weeping (then) should grieue,
And Heate, not Colde, from me should still ascend:
I, Should be turned into nought but Fire,
The Brand of Loue, the Torch of hot Desire.

And in that Distich. of his:

Se forse ogni sua gioia,
Nel suo bel viso è solo.

If all her Ioy and chiefe delight
Be onely in her Count'nance bright, &c.

So likewise this Poet (in another place) maketh her Iealous againe of her owne selfe: which selfe-same course, the learned [h] *Molza* taketh, in the end of a certaine witty Sonnet of his, where hee wishing and aduising his Mistresse, that shee should be content, and indure to be eyed and marked of others, and not stand ouer-long prying and gazing in her Glasse, hee (calling her his glorious Sunne) concludeth after this sort;

Voi non doureste hauer tanta paura,
Ne, l'essere guardata, da chi v'ama.

You needs not thus to stand in so great feare,
Nor to be watched, so, by him that loues you deare,
As if you doubted, (as it seemes to mee)
That by your owne selfe you should stollen be.

But leauing (for this present time) to speake any thing at all of that kinde of IEALOVSIE, which

[h] *Francis Maria Molza*, borne in *Modena* in *Lombardie*, was one of the best Schollers of his time, as wel for Prose as Verse. He was a Retayner to that great Cardinall *Alexander Farnese*, of whom it is constantly reported, that by his great power, wealth, and friends, hee could haue made whom hee pleased Pope, in any *sede vacante*, but for himselfe, he was neuer able to doe the same, so much was hee doubted and feared, because of his huge meanes and great authoritie he had in *Rome*. Of this iolly Cardinall then, was this *Molza* (as I said) a Follower, who bestowed a bountifull pension on him during his life, as hee did on many others beside. He was buryed in *Modena* with this Epitaph:

Qui lepido Veteres cantauit carmine MOLZA,
Hic iacet ætatis maximus huius honos.

which Parents haue of their Daughters, Brethren of their Sisters, and of the like by bloud and Alliance, neare and deare vnto them: and reasoning onely of that which is incident to Louers onely, I say that they may be iealous three manner of wayes; and that IEALOVSIE may be taken after three seuerall fashions: 1. Eyther when wee would not haue, that any one should obtayne, that which wee our selues haue already gotten: 2. Or that which wee wish and desire to obtayne: 3. Or which wee haue laboured and endeuoured, following it in chase, and yet could neuer gayne the same. Now this IEALOVSIE springing from our owne couetous minde and proper greedinesse to haue such a thing, is after a foure-fold manner, *viz.*

IEALOVSIE of Louers, three-fold.

By reason
1 Of *Pleasure.*
2 Of *Passion.*
3 Of *Property* or *Right.*
4 Of *Honor.*

IEALOASIE commeth of [i] Pleasure, when wee estimate and prise the [k] delight wee take in the Partie we loue, at so high a rate, as we would engrosse it wholy vnto our selues, and when wee thinke, or imagine, it will decrease and waxe lesse, if it should be communicated, or lent vnto another: and in this poynt, in my conceit, *Tibullus*, the Poet, speaketh most diuinely (as most commonly he doth in all his Writings) but especially in that excellent Elegy of his, where he beginneth thus:

Quid mihi, si fuerat teneros lesurus amores,
Fœdera per Diuos clam violanda dabat?

[i] Pleasure is of two sorts; one is said to be of honest & good things, and the other of dishonest. In respect of honest things it is called *voluntas*, but in respect of dishonest, it is called *volupt as*, therefore very wittily saith one to this purpose.

Pleasures, like posting guests, make but small stay.
Where Griefes hide long, and leaue a score to pay.

[k] There be two sorts of Delight, Sensuall and Intellectuall. Sensuall, which taketh his sourse from Sense and Passion; and Intellectuall, which drawweth his originall from the Vnderstanding and the Will,

Art

Art thou a faithfull Friend and seek'st
To cheate me of my Loue?
And break'st (in priuate) Friendships Bonds,
Confirm'd by Gods aboue?

And in those other no lesse sweet than daintie Distichques beginning after this manner:

Semper, vt inducar, blandos offers mihi vultus,
Post, tamen, es, misero, tristis & asper Amor.
Quid tibi seuitiæ est mecum? an gloria magna est
Insidias homini composuisse Deum?

To toule me in, and draw me on,
Most cunning art thou (LOVE,)
Sweet meate (at first) but afterward
Sowre sawce thou mak'st me proue,
Why shouldst to mee thus cruell show?
What credit ist for thee?
A God to entrap a silly wretch,
Think'st thou 'twill Glory be?

This Latine Verse is so pleasing, as I could not choose but translate it into our Italian Tongue, applying it to our purpose, after this manner:

Sempre acciò ch'io piu volentier m'invecchi,
Con lieti risi, & gratiosi cenni,
Dolcemente da prima (Amor) m'adeschi,
Ma poscia (lasso) come tuo diuenni,
Si mi gouerni giorno, & notte ch'io,
Altro che danno, & duol mai non sostenni,
A che sei tanto in me spietato & rio?
E per'o gloria tal con forza, e'nganni,
Tender lacciuoli ad huom mortal'è Dio? &c.

The better for to bring me to thy Lure,
And as thy prise and pray to get me sure,
(Loue) thou at first, dost lay thy tysing bait
Most cunningly, to catch me with deceit:
Sweetly and mildely, thou dost set thy ginne,
By fayre aduise and looke to draw me in:
But (woe is me) no sooner am I caught,
But that I finde to danger I am brought.
Thine Entertainment day and night is such,
As makes me grieue and sorrow ouer-much:
Why art so spightfull, and incenst gainst mee,
When better gueridon'd I deserue to be?
No doubt great glory shall to thee redound,
When it abroad shall euery where be found,
A mighty God, a silly man did ketch
Within his Nets, by force and subtill fetch.

IEALOVSIE proceedeth from [l] Passion, when we couet to enioy or possesse that which we most loue and like, wonderfully fearing lest we should loose the possession thereof, as if our Mistresse should become a secret sweet Friend vnto another man: and in this pittifull [m] perplexitie and case was *Propertius*, as may appeare, when hee made this mournfull and mestfull Elegie, beginning thus:

Eripitur nobis iampridem cara Puella,
Et tu me lachrymas fundere (Amice) vetas?

My Wench is gone and stollen away,
Whom I did loue so deare,
And art my Friend, and yet forbidst,
That I from teares forbeare?

l This Passion may be rightly tearmed some timerous conceit, or strange kinde of Feare, such Feare commonly bringing much griefe to the minde, as one saith to this purpose, thus:

Passionate Feare still taketh her delight
In perill, which exceedeth perils might.

m When IEALOVSIE once seizeth on such weake and resistlesse soules (as *Propertius* was) it is pittifull to see, how cruelly it tormenteth, & how insultingly it tyrannizeth ouer them, for of all the mindes diseases, that is it, where to most things serue for sustenance, but fewest for remedy; such a furious perturbation, and moody Agitation it is, which throweth them into Extremities, altogether contrary to the cause.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, IEALOVSIE springeth from the [n] Propertie or Right that wee haue, when we (enioying our Lady or Mistresse) would haue her soly and wholy vnto our selues; without being able (by any meanes) to suffer or endure, that another man should haue any part or interest in her, any way, or at any time: and to this purpose doth the foresaid Poet write, exceeding well, to *Lingus*, his fellow Poet, (an old smell-smocke, and an auncient acquaintance and familiar friend of his) who (belike) being more forward in this amorous Businesse than the other could haue wisht; *Propertius* takes exceptions against him for the same, and withall, earnestly entreates him to giue ouer the Game hee had in chase, as in this Elegie following, you shall finde more at large:

[n] Property or Right, is a kinde of Interest or Clayme, which one challengeth to any thing as his owne, and as peculiar & proper to himselfe, and wherein no other can (truely) demand any share or part. Yea, so peremptory are some men in this point (especially if they know they may lawfully challenge this high pris'd commoditie of Loue as their owne, and that they haue payed for the same,) as they haue cast off their Wiues, and Mistresses, onely vpon a meere suspicion, or scandallous report of a malicious & backe-biting tongue, the poore women being in no fault at all, but their owne fantastique and iealous Conceits and Humours; for who can stop a slanderous speech when it is once spread abroad? since w[h]o knoweth not, that,

Reports, at randome runne, whilst Truth they misse.
And Heard-say *some to'a Lie, as counted is.*

And such a one was a certaine Gentleman, a friend of mine, who vpon a false surmise and giddy Toy that troubled his braine, forsooke a fayre Gentlewoman (his Mistresse,) not so much as once vouchsafing or enduring to heare how shee could excuse and answere for her selfe: hee being so peremptory in his opinion, that because shee was thought to be false vnto him, therefore shee must be needes so indeede, as you may perceiue by these few Verses, being part of a bitter Letter hee sent her, which you shall finde at the ende of this Booke, and these be they:

And where to witnesse thou dost call
(For thy true faith) the Heauens all,
I tell thee (Dame) the Wench that I
Shall like for mine owne company,
Shall not alone, right honest be,
But from suspicion shall be free:
That all may say, shee hath no Fault,
No not so much as she can halt.

So you may perceiue by this, hee would haue her more fortunate than any other; for what Woman or Man is there, almost liuing, but that hath beene eyther suspected, scandalized, or ill spoken of by one lewd tongue or another? And it is but too true, considering,

What Malice likes not, straight distrais'd must be,
For Slander's blinde and cannot Vertue see.
Lyes, Slander, flattry, Birds are of one feather,
Perswerne false Friends they are, and dwell together.

Tu mihi vel ferro pectus, vel perde veneno,
A Domina tantum te modo tolle mea;
Te socium vitæ, te corporis esse licebit,
Te Dominum admitto rebus (Amice) meis,
Lecto te solum, lecto te deprecor vno,
Rivalem possum non ego ferre Iouem.

Stab me with Sword, or Poyson strong
Giue mee te worke my bane,
So thou court not my Lasse, so thou
From Mistresse mine refraine,
Command my selfe, my Body, Purse,
(As thine owne Goods) take All,
And as my neerest, deerest Frend,
I (euer) vse thee shall:
Oh spare my Loue, to haue (alone)
Her, to my selfe I craue,
'Swounds Ioue *himselfe Ile not endure*
My Riuall for to haue.

And so puissant and potent is this our desire, which wee haue to enioy that Party (which wee loue) soly and alone, without the societie and company of any other whatsoeuer, as that (many times) when this our high-pris'd Commoditie chanceth to light into some other merchants hands, and that this our priuate Inclosure proueth to be a Common for others, wee care no more for it, but giue it altogether ouer, quite extinguishing and quenching in vs, not alone the Iealousie wee had of the same, but likewise the hot loue and affection wee bare it before, as *Ouid* in his second Booke of his amorous Elegies, speaketh in a manner to the same effect, when he saith thus:

Quod licet ingratum est, quod non licet acrius vrit,
Ferreus est, si quis quod finit alter amet.

What's

What's lawfull, base, what's hard to get,
More eager doth vs mone:
Senseleſſe, that ſuffreth others court
His Wife, yet her will lone.

And in another place thus:

Pinguis Amor nimiumq́, potens, in tedia nobis
Vertitur, & ſtomaco dulcis vt eſca nocet.

Too much of eaſie yeelding Lone
My minde doth ſoone annoy,
Too much of common daintie Fare
The Stomacke (ſtill) doth cloy.

In a third, thus:

Quin alium, quem tanta iuuat patientia quare,
Me tibi Riualem, ſi iuuat eſſe veta.

So many Suters to endure,
Thy patience ſheweth too baſe,
Another ſeeke, as Riuall now,
For to ſupply my place.

Laſtly, IEALOVSIE commeth in reſpect of a mans ° Reputation and Honour, according as his nature is, or as his Breeding hath beene, or after the faſhion and manner of the Country, in which hee is borne and liueth, becauſe (in this point) diuers are the opinions of men, and as contrary are the Cuſtomes of Countries, wherevpon they ſay, that the P Southerne Nations, and ſallow complectioned fellow, with a blacke beard, being hee ſuſpect, as to be ſuſpected about Womens matters, according to the old ſaying:

To a Red man reade thy Reade,
With a Browne man breake thy Bread,
At a Pale man draw thy Knife,
From a Blacke man keepe thy Wife.

Which wee expound after this manner:

The Red is wiſe, the Browne truſtie,
The Pale enuious, and the Blacke luſtie.

ſuch

° Honor, is the Reputation and Credit, or the good name and Fame, of a Man, which the generous Spirit priſeth, at ſo high a rate, as before hee will haue the ſame eclipſt, hee will looſe all his wealth, yea, and his deareſt life to, according vnto the ſaying of a certaine graue and wiſe Gentleman:

Vntainted HONOR (*not long life*) *the treaſure is*
Which noble Mindes doe hold to be their chiefeſt bliſſe.

P The Perſians were wont to be ſo iealous of their Wiues, as they neuer ſuffered them to goe abroad, but in Waggons cloſe ſhut; but at this day the Italian is counted the man that is moſt ſubiect to this vice, the that is moſt prone, as well to

¶ That IEALOVSIE, in a manner, is no other thing than a kinde of suspicious CARE, or a carefull kinde of SVSPITION: this Sonnet following (penn'd by an Italian Gentleman) and seeming, (as it were) to be done in imitation of the Authors Mounsignior *de la Casa*, aforesaid) sheweth as much; which because it is annext vnto this Worke of *Benedetto Varchies*, I thought good to translate into English thus:

such as dwell in hot Regions are very Iealous; eyther because they are much giuen and enclined vnto Loue naturally: or else for that they hold it a great disparagement and scandall, to haue their Wifes, or their Mistresses taynted with the foule blot of Vnchastitie: which thing those that are of contrary Regions, and such as liue vnder the North-Pole, take not so deepe at the heart, and therefore wee may perceiue that this our Poet, hath done excellent well, to call and as it were define IEALOVSIE, to be ¶ CARE, that is, a Thought or Passion which proceedeth and lea-

CVRA, *che sempre vigilante è desta, &c.*

CARE, who as vigilant, dost alwayes watch,
Perswading mee to what is worse than ill,
And seek'st my pensiue Heart still for to catch,
To force him yeeld to thy accursed will,
Making me leade a heauy wofull life,
Whereas (before) Pleasures with me were rife.

Bane to my sweetest Thoughts, thou gloomy storme,
That all my Hopes and best Times ouerthrowes:
Why with Suspicions new mak'st me forlorne?
Why dost thou vexe my minde with wicked woes?
Why dost thou gall me more and more each houre,
To wreake thy vengeance on me through thy power?

O Monster fierce, more Fierce then monstrous!
O Pestilent plague of loyall Lovers true!
What hellish Fiend, what Hagge most furious
From that deepe horrid Caue, thee (hither) drew?
Why in so hydeous shape dost thou appeare?
To torture mee, and spoyle my pleasures here?

Packe hence, away, thy power th'hast too much showne,
And therefore mestfull Incke, with trembling Feare
Shall write the Sorrowes which through thee are growne,
And wofull plaints which in my Breast I beare.
(Damn'd IEALOVSIE*) Ile blaze thee, Herauld-like,*
That all the world may loath thee with despight.

deth

deth on Feare, which is as much to say, as if it came of Dread and Suspect. And by this phrase of speech hee giueth vs to vnderstand from whence it springeth, because (as the [r] Prince of Philosophers teacheth vs) wee are easily and best nourished with that with which wee are borne.

Neyther doth hee thinke it sufficient to haue said thus much, but he addeth besides, (*Crescí*, thou growest or increasest) which word no doubt is set downe by him, with great and excellent iudgement, by reason that IEALOVSIE may (as other like Qualities) encrease or diminish, and it increaseth or diminisheth through foure things, or meanes, *to wit*, 1. According to the Persons: 2. According to the Places: 3. According to the Times: 4. And lastly, according to the Businesses taken in hand.

The persons, by meanes whereof IEALOVSIE encreaseth or decreaseth, are in a manner alwayes three.

1 *The Party that is Iealous.*
2 *His Mistresse, ouer whom he is Iealous.*
3 *The Person whom hee suspecteth, and therefore is Iealous of him.*

Concerning the Partie that is Iealous: such as know themselues to be [s] destitute and depriued of

[r] Well may *Aristotle* be termed the Prince of Philosophers, since (as that famous *Auerrois* writeth) Nature ment (when *Aristotle* was borne) to shew the vtmost proofe of all her strength and power, so that what was possible for a mortal man to know, so much did hee vnderstand.

IEALOVSIE encreaseth or decreaseth.

Three Persons which encrease IEALOVSIE.

[s] Indeede I am of opinion, that the most worthlesse persons are alwayes most subiect to this infectious Disease of Iealousie, as Mr. *George Wither* rightly saith.

There is None Iealous I durst pawne my life,
But hee that hath defilde anothers Wife:

And commonly, *Mala Mens malus Animus*, An ill Disposition breedes an ill Suspition.

And for that hee himselfe hath gone astray,
Hee straight-way thinkes his Wife will tread that way.

The best counsell therefore I can giue to these kindes of suspitious Braines, is to possesse their soules with patience, considering it is the best Salue for this Sore, and to giue ouer this frantique Malady, following this good Counsell.

Thy Wife being fayre, be not thou Iealous,
Because Suspicion cures not womens Follies.

euery

euery good Qualitie and Vertue, and that finde themselues to be little (or nothing at all) fauoured or respected of their Mistresses and Ladies, swallow downe more easily, and sooner, this poyson than others doe. A Testimoniall of which Mr. *Iohn Boccbas* setteth downe most iudiciously (as is his wonted manner) in the ninth Tale of his seauenth *Giornata* or dayes Worke, in the person of [t] *Anniguccbio Berlinghieri*, as euery one may perceiue that will take the paines to read the same. Besides, it importeth very much to know of what nature the Iealous man is, because if hee be naturally suspitious, hee then will take euery thing in the worse sense, interpreting all whatsoeuer he eyther heareth or seeth, in a sinister and bad sense or meaning, and so his Disease (in time) commeth to be desperate. And such a [v] Fellow was hee who (in *Boccbas*) would needes (in the habit of a Priest) confesse and shriue his Wife, and of this kinde of mould are most of our Iealous Creatures

[t] See this Tale in *Boccbas Decameron*, and in his seauen *Giornata*, the Argument whereof is briefely thus: *Anniguccbio*, a rich Marchant of *Florence*, being iealous of his fayre wife, perceiued how shee vsed to tye a small line or thread about one of her feet when she went to bed, whereupon hee one night finding his Riuall to pull the same, leapt out of his Bed with his Sword drawne to follow him, and shee seeing that her deuise was discride, got her maid to lye in her place in the bed, whom her Husband comming backe (for hee could not ouer-take the fore-said Fellow) beat most pittifully, and that done, set his Wiues kindred, to see her in that pittifull taking, but when they saw it was another, and not their kinsewoman, they beganne to swagger with him, and she to rayle at him, for calling her good name in question, whereupon he being out-fac't by his Wife, and the rest, that hee was drunke, was glad to aske her forgiuenesse, as if hee had done her great wrong, and, after that, neuer durst finde fault with her more, but suffered her to haue her will, and take her pleasure where shee thought good, and lik't best.

[v] Of the Fellow that suspecting his Wife, and being exceeding Iealous of her, would needes shriue her in the habit of a Priest, reade *Boccbas* Tale, in the fore-said *Decameron* and *Giornata* 7. the substance whereof is this: A certaine Fellow suspecting his Wife of Incontinency, perswaded her to goe to Confession and Shrift, and shee smelling his drift, made show to be willing thereunto: whereupon hee getting the habit of a Priest, stayed for her in a certaine Church, whither he had appointed her to goe to her Ghostly Confessor, she making shew, (when she came thither) that shee knew him not, and telling him, how shee lay with a Priest euery night. Hee hearing this, when shee was gone, and that it was night, stayed about the doore of his house watching to take her *Sir Domine* napping, as hee should come to his Wife, whilst shee in the meane time, hauing giuen a secret Item of all these proceedings, to her amorous Friend, by a priuate dore in the Gutter, let him in, where they enioyed one anothers company all the night long, the Gull her Husband staying all that while, shaking for cold in the streete, and when morning beganne to appeare, she let her Friend forth by the same doore he came, Wisenakers her Husband, neuer so much as once doubting or dreaming of any such matter.

made

made, and therefore our Poet very wisely added in his second Verse:

Et ioste fede à tuoi sospetti acquisti.
And too too soone dost gaine
Credit to thy suspitions

For so is the true Copy, and not as I haue seene in some other false Bookes.

Et più temendo, maggior forza acquisti, &c.
And fearing (still) thou greater force dost gaine, &c.

Although I deny not, but that this might passe for currant, well, and might be counted tollerable enough, as being perhaps borrowed from *Virgill*, where he saith:

Fama, malum, quo non aliud velocius vllum,
Mobilitate viget viresq́, acquirit eundo, &c.

Anon through all the Cities great
of Africque, Fame is gone,
That blazing Flame, a Mischiefe such,
as swifter there is none,
By moouing more shee breedes, and as
shee rannes, her might doth rise.
Below (for feare) shee lurketh, first,
then straight aloft, in skies
She mounteth.

Besides, who knoweth not, but that the more one feareth, the more hee is iealous? *Ariosto* likewise setteth downe the quicke swiftnesse, and the strange credulitie of Iealous folkes, when he saith, that this vncurable and mortall wound, is so easily imprinted in the heart of a Louer. And certainely it is wonderfull, and almost incredible to beleeue, that men should be such deadly enemies vnto themselues, and of their owne liues (as many times they are,) through these strange and foolish humours, that for one word onely, or for a signe, a becke, or a glance cast vpon one, without as

* *Humours are tumours of a swelling minde.*
Sprung from Selfe-will vncon-stant as the winde.

much as a thought of any ill; nay, more, that they will (despight of their owne selues) imagine and conceit that which doth so much afflict, gaule, and torment them incessantly, and without any rest, as if there were not (properly) in loue, other Cares and Troubles beside, then those onely, which wee our selues (without any profit or pleasure at all) seeke to purchase most vnseasonably euery houre of the day: A grosse Errour and a Token of much insufficiency of wit.

But to come to the expounding of this our Sonnet, I say, that (*Acquistar fede*) in this place doth not signifie, *to be beleeued*, or to be a meanes for beliefe, as in the first Stanzo of *Petrarch*, where he saith:

Che acquistar fede alla pensosa vita, &c.
It nourisheth matter to a perplexed life, &c.

And in that other matchlesse Sonnet of his, beginning thus:

Se com'eterna vita è veder Dio, &c.
As t'is a blessed thing God to behold in skie,
So blessed, as wee can, nor ought, to couet more:
So happy am I when I view thy face with eye,
Since nothing in this world I doe so much adore,
Nor haue I seene thee fayrer then I view thee now,
Vnlesse mine Eyes (as partiall) iuggle with Conceit;
Hope of my Life, the Mindes chiefe Beauty true,
On whom (as duties binde) my Heart doth wait:
But th'art no sooner seene, but art straight out of sight.
Else would I not thy Company so much desire;
Then if some liue by Sent, (as wee beleeue) they write
By Water some, and some by Taste, by Touch, and Fire,
Why by your sweet sight then, should I not liue,
Feeding on nothing else, since life you giue?

But it signifieth (quite contrary) a firme and infallible Beliefe and Faith: in which sense *Petrarch* vseth it in this Sonnet:

Soles

9 To this purpose, one writeth that all the defects of our Wit, may be reduced into two, viz. Ignorance and Error. By Ignorance wee know not things necessary: by Error we know them falsely: Ignorance is a Priuation; Error a positue action: All Ignorances cannot be preuented; many Errors (but not All) may be escaped. From Ignorance floweth Vice, from Error Heresie, and therefore well may we say of the first.

Grose Ignorance (to Truth the Opposite)
Falshood and Doubt doe breed, and Foes to Right.

And of the last, thus:

Error the Daughter of blinde Ignorance.
Hates Wisedomes lore, lead by vncertaine Chance.

But of both of them one writeth thus:

Image of Hellish Horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the Bosome of the blacke Abisse,
And fed with Furies milke for sustenance,
Of his weake Infancie begot amisse,
By gnawing Sleuth vpon his Mother Night;
So her, his Sinnes, doth Sire and Brother light,

Sola lontana, in sonno consolarmi, &c.
Once was I wont to comfort me in sleepe
With that sweet heauenly face of Adistresse mine,
But now in Feare and Griefe it doth me keepe,
(Yet Greife nor Feare can ease mee any time)
Me thought I saw within that beauteous Face
True Pittie, and still Sorrow plac't aright,
My Heart gaue firme Beliefe to this sad Case,
Disarming mee of Hope, and Pleasure quite.
Remember well said shee, that lateſt Eue,
That Night in which I left thee weeping so,
And when (constrain'd through Time) which mee did
I went my wayes and left thee plung'd in Woe, (grieue,
Then could not I tell thee so much for Griefe.
Now doe I tell thee what thou find'st too true,
Dispayre therefore, and thinke not of reliefe
Thou (neuer more) mee in this world shalt view.
Too true I heard what my sicke Heart beleeu'd,
And (euer) shall, for which it still hath grieu'd.

But to come (where I left) to entreate of IEALOVSIE, I say that this malignant Spirit, encreaseth and decreaseth, according vnto the Party for whose sake we are Iealous; and this we doe, not alone in respect shee is well bred, is pittifull of Nature, proper of Personage, constant, wittie, discreete, modest, of few [z] words, tender

[z] What others would request or desire in their Wiues or Mistresses, I know not; but my nature so much abhorreth a Woman of much tongue, as I had rather haue her infected with any of the seauen deadly Sinnes, then to be counted a notorious Scold: and therefore,

A Womans Tongue that is as swift as Thought,
Is euer bad, and she her selfe starke Nought:
But shee that seldome speakes and mildly then,
Is a rare Pearle amongst all other Women.
Maides must be seene, not heard, or selde or neuer,
O may I such one wed, if I, wed euer.
A Maide that hath a lewd Tongue in her head,
Worse than if she were found with a Man in bed.
Be she best of her Sexe, (Good All,) I hold,
She is worse then worst, if once she prowe a Scold.
Flye then such Furies as (still) scold and raile,
Queanes of their Tongue, are (most) Queanes of their Taile.

of her owne Reputation and Honour, and other such like good parts in her: but (withall) likewise consider and haue an eye euen vnto her owne Mother, her Nurse, her Sisters, and Kindred, her Familiars, Acquaintance, and such Neighbours as she conuerseth withall, which poynt is most excellently well set downe, by *Boccas* in many places, whereupon *Petrarch* (his Mistresse *Laura* being a Saint, graue, wise, courteous, honest and fayre) saith hee is not iealous of her, in the end of that no lesse pleasant than hard and darke Sonnet of his, beginning after this manner, where he speaketh of IEALOVSIE thus:

a How iealous the Italians are of their owne neerest and deerest Acquaintance & kindred, for feare of their Wiues, and how they vse to watch them narrowly, read my *Ariostoes* Satyres in English, and therefore not without cause is that Prouerbe rise amongst them:

Chi non tocca parentado,
Tocca mai, o, rado.
The nigher kinne, the farther in.

L'Amor ch'incend' il cuor d'ardente zelo, &c.

Loue, which enflam'st the troubled Heart
with burning Zeale
And kep'st him shut in Prison fast
with icy Feare;
And (which is most) to'th doubtfull sense
dost not reueale
Or Hope, or Feare, or Fire, or Ice,
which he doth beare.
In greatest Heate I shake, and burne
in coldest time:
Full of Desire, and yet is my
suspect as much
As if a Woman should
hide vnder garments fine
Some liuing man, (although there can
be nothing such.)
Of all these plagues, the first is
proper vnto mee,
To burne both day and night, yet how
this harmefull flame
Is sweet in minde, and pleasant
seemeth for to be

No thought can well expresse, nor pen
can write the same:
The other's none of mine. for my
fire's of such power,
As goeth beyond the force of man
so farre to reach:
Who thinkes by his flight to the height
thereof to soare:
Flies but in vaine, and soone
a dangerous fall may catch:
Well may All strive this golden Ball
to gaine,
But in the end they all (deceiu'd)
remaine.

Besides, the Minde and Condition of the Louer towards the Woman whom hee affecteth, importeth very much in this businesse; for if he be giuen to choler, or is (by any other Accident) discontent and displeased, hee will then quickly take occasion to be angry with her, and euery mote (as the Prouerbe goeth) is a Beame in his eye: which qualitie you shall finde in many of *Bocchas* Nouels, and in [b] *Bradamantas* Humors; and so againe, if hee be temperate, and stayed in Condition, being well conceited, and hauing a good opinion of the party he liketh; then is the case quite altered, and he is iocond and blithsome, and not [c] troubled at all: and therefore is it very

[b] See the strange passion and life of this Lady more at large in the 32. Canto of *Orlando Furioso*. This *Bradamanta* a warlike Mayde, daughter to Duke *Aymon*, and *Beatrice* his Wife, was sister to *Rinaldo*, one of the douze Peeres of France, for her valiant prowesse King *Charlemaine* made her Gouernesse of Marselles in Prouance. She was wife to that braue *Ruggiero*, & dyed for griefe of the Paladines ouerthrow, who were most of them treacherously slaine at *Roncesvaux*, a Citie bordering on Spaine, through the treason of that Arch-traitor *Gano*.

[c] The more discretion a man hath, the lesse shall hee bee troubled with these frantick fits: and seeing, as a certaine noble Gentleman sayth, the Honour of a true heroique spirit dependeth not vpon the carriage or behauiour of a woman, I see no reason why the better sort should take this false playing of their Wiues so much at the heart as they doe; especially, when it is their Destinie, and not Desert, to be so vsed. *Montaigne*, that braue French Barron, being of this minde; for saith he, the Gallantest men in the world, as *Lucullus*, *Cæsar*, *Anthony*, *Cato*, and such like Worthies, were all Cuckolds; yea, and (which was more) knew it, although they made no stirre about it: neither was there in all that time, but one Gull, and Coxcombe, and that was *Lepidus*, that dyed with the anguish thereof. Read the third Chapter of the third Booke of the foresayd *Montaignes Essayes*, and he will satisfie you at large in this poynt.

requiſite and needfull that men ſhould not be ouer-heady, nor raſh, in their Humors, and proceedings, but rather diſcreet, wary, and coole canuaſing and meaſuring euery action and behauiour of their Miſtreſſes, with ſound diſcretion and iudgement, and not to be ouer-forward and too much credulous, or too too light of beliefe, without any [d] iuſt cauſe giuen them, which is the onely reaſon (as we daily ſee) of many groſſe abſurdities, ſpringing and iſſuing from ſuch like light and idle occaſions as theſe.

Laſtly, IEALOVSIE encreaſeth or abateth, according as the qualities are in the parties, whom the Iealous man ſuſpecteth to be familiar with his Miſtreſſe, and therefore is iealous of him. For if hee be poore, or ill fauoured, baſely borne, illittered, of bad or no breeding, and hath few or no friends of worth, to be a countenance or credit vnto him, hee then doubteth him the leſſe, and hath no great feare of him; as (contrariwiſe) if he be rich, a proper man, well deſcended, learned, commendable for his qualities, and withall, potent, and mighty in Friends and Alliance, he then taketh on the more, vexing and tormenting himſelfe without meaſure, and neuer giuing ouer to watch and prye into all his deuiſes and doings. And this is the propertie of ſuch kind of natured men: and although *Petrarcq* (as we ſaid but euen now, and as he himſelfe reporteth) was (ordinarily) neuer Iealous, yet hee ſheweth how by an [e] extraordinary chance, hee fell into this fit a little now and than, as you ſhall perceiue in this his Sonnet, beginning thus.

In mezzo di duo amanti, honeſta, altera, &c.

A modeſt and maieſtike Lady did I ſee,
Betwixt two Louers; of which twaine my ſelfe was one.

The

[d] For this makes Women worſe than they would be, and to doe that which they neuer meant.

For Women thas are chaſte, when they are truſted;
Prone wantons when they (cauſeleſſe) are ſuſpected.

[e] Indeed *Montaigne* confeſſeth, that the beſt diſciplined haue beene (heerewith) ſomewhat tainted, and ſome reaſon may be for the ſame; but yet neuer quite carried away with it, for it is our owne fault, that wee haue raiſed to the higheſt ſtraine, the exceſſe of this moodie Feuer, after the example of ſome barberous Nations.

The other, the glorious Sunne with his
most brightsome glee:
The Sunne on th'one side, I on th'other then was gone.
But when she did perceiue, she compast was about
With the hot rayes of her braue and heroycke friend,
She (smiling) turned toward me,
and wound her selfe thereout.
(Ah! would that she had neuer vs'd me more vnkind,)
This made me quickly turne my Iealousie to ioy,
Which at the first began to grow within my hart,
Lest such a mighty aduersary should me noy;
Which he had done, but that shee (soone)
from him did part.
This caus'd him seeme to haue a sad and watry face,
Whilest that a pretty shower did compasse him each side
As he did gloomy show because of his disgrace,
So much to be o'recome; did it pull downe his pride:
The Sunne so griev'd at Lauras *deepe disdaine,*
As his bright Beames were turn'd to duskie raine.

In this place hee calleth the Sunne by his proper name, which the Latines call (in such a case as this) a [f] *Riuall*: but I must needs confesse not so properly, nor so happily (by great oddes) as the Grecians doe, which (considering you know better then I can any way set downe) I will giue ouer to speake any more thereof.

Now as concerning the second part of our former Discourse, which is in respect of the place; there is lesse or more IEALOVSIE, concerning the qualitie of the same, which may be eyther [g] Sacred or Prophane; farre off, or hard by; open, or shut, commodious, or vnfit, or such like; or after such a manner. And how much euery one of

[f] *Riuals in Loue will be suspitious quickly,*
And through Conceit (not reason) straight grow sickly.

[g] Of fit places for Amorous purposes, you may read *Ouid de Arte Amandi*, his first Booke, and that notable plot; *Mundus* (a Romane Knight laid with the consent of the Priests belonging to the Temple of the Goddesse *Isys*,) to obtaine his will of a fayre Lady his Mistresse,) in S. *Augustines* booke, called *De Ciuitate Dei*.

these

these (different one from another) may import and auaile a man about his amorous affaires, any of meane capacitie may comprehend, and the h Tower wherein *Danae* was shut, and close Prisons, and Iayles, can giue instance sufficient, besides that common Prouerbe of ours.

Loco inamorarsi in vicinanza.

That place I (best of all) commend,
Where nigheſt at hand is our fayre Friend.

So likewise as concerning the third, which is i Time, there is none but may imagine, that as it is available in other matters, so no doubt is it of great consequence in this businesse, considering that such occasions, as wee may take in the k Carnouall time, or at Shrouetide, to serue our purpose, l we cannot vse them in the Lent, nor

h *Danae* was daughter to *Acrisius*, King of the Argiues, vnto whom (being closed in a strong Tower) *Iupiter* came in the forme of a showre of golden Raine, in at the house top, and begot on her *Perseus*, that valiant Knight that rescued *Andromada* from a Monster. This *Perseus* gaue the name first to the Countrie and people of Persia. But the truth is, *Iupiter* being a gallant young Prince, sent priuately rich treasure vnto *Danae*, and likewise to them that had the keeping of her, wherewith they (being corrupted) suffered *Iupiter* to enter into the Tower, & so he obtained his purpose. The Morall of this Tale declareth the force of Money and Gifts, in assulting of Chastitie.

i A fit and opporune season is not a little auailble in this businesse, considering that Time is the plotter of Experience, and Obseruation the Instrument of Knowledge; which two, taken right, effect great matters; and to this purpose a certaine Philosopher being demaunded, what was the first thing needfull to winne the loue of a woman, answered, Opportunitie; being asked what the second, replied, Opportunitie; and being demaunded what was the third, answered still, Opportunitie; and therefore he spake not amisse that said,

Occasion, Time, and Opportunitie,
Compasse what we desire effectually.

But methinkes this second spake better, who wrote thus:

Fayre Opportunitie can winne the coyest she that is,
So wisely he takes time, as hee'l be sure he will not misse;
Then he that rules her gainesome vaine, and tempers Toyes with Art,
Bringes Loue that swimmeth in her eyes, to diue into her Hart.

k This iouiall season amongst the Italians beginneth about the 12. of Ianuary, and continueth till Ashwednesday, it being the chiefe time of sports and meriments amongst them, they assuming (as then) more libertie and licentiousnesse, for their deuises and pleasures, than in all the yeere after; which they spend most commonly in Reuelling, Masking, and Feasting, presenting of Comedies, and pleasing showes, and in courting of their Mistresses, with such delightfull exercises. l The Italians haue more libertie, & accesse for pleasure on the Holydayes, and in many of their solemne feastiuall dayes, than in the Lent, and on Fastingdayes; for those seasons they obserue very precisely, hauing as then no Feasting, Reuellings, nor Merry-meetings, but onely Fasting and Prayer.

may

may wee put them in practise on Fasting dayes; and so likewise, is the difference great, which men worke to purchase and compasse what they seeke to effect on the Holy-dayes, it being a quite contrary course to that they take on the working-dayes, about any such matter.

Lastly, as concerning the fourth and last point, which is the imployments and Businesses: who knoweth not but that he that is laborious, and beateth his braines about one thing or another; is lesse Iealous than he that is [m] idle, and doth nothing all the day long: and as *Ouid* saith of *Ægistus*.

Quaritur Ægistus quare sit factus adulter,
In promptu causa est desidiosus erat.

My question's why Ægistus lewd
became Adulterer vile,
Tis answer'd: Hee not labour would,
his lasinesse did him spoyle.

So may we say, that he that will take no paines but giues himselfe to be idle, will soone come to be Iealous.

Besides, there is no feare of such a one as giueth his minde to matters of great importance & difficultie, or of him that esteemeth more of commoditie and profit, then of any vaine pleasure whatsoeuer: and so by the contrary, contrary causes arise, considering that of contrary occasions contrary Effects spring and grow: so that according as they shall be greater or smaller, the things (spoken of before) shall be greater or smaller, not according to the rule of Truth, but as IEALOVSIE it selfe shall conceit thereof. And although wee (for the most part) speake in the Masculine

[m] A man being idle, hath his minde apt to all vncleannesse, and when the minde is void of Exercise, then man is void of Honestie: Idlenesse being the onely Nurse and Nourisher of sensuall appetites, and the sole maintainer of vnlawfull affections, whereupon one saith:

Sloath is to Vertue chiefest Enemie.
And Idlenesse the Guide to misery.

[a] *Bartello* the Italian, saith, that a pale coloured woman, with a blacke dead eye, and a reddish hayre, of a middle stature, and shrill in voyce, is most subiect to IEALOVSIE and such a one is *Progne* described to be, and this differeth not much from our olde Said-saw here in England, about the complexions and conditions of Women.

Fayre and foolish, Little and lowd,
Long and lusty, Blacke and proud,
Fat and merry, Leane and sad,
Pale and pettish, Red and bad.

And *Burchielle*, that fantasticque Writer saith thus:

High Colour (in a Woman) Choler shewes,
And shee's vnwholsome that like Sorrell growes,
Nought are the Peewish, Proud, Malitious,
But worst of all the Red, shrill, Iealious.

Besides, the Iealous woman and the curst Shrow, differ not much, they being very nigh kinne one to another: considering the Shrow is reported to be of a middle Stature, and somewhat pale or sallow in colour, with a thinne lip, a sharpe nose, a Hawkes eye, and a shrill voyce, that sounds like a Bell; and such a one is *Zantippe*, *Socrates* wife, noted to be. But as *Plato* saith, to a shroud horse belongeth a sharpe bridle, so ought a curst wife to be curbed euery way, but he that hath a peaceable Woman, and of few words, being here on earth, hath attayned Heauen, being in want hath obtayned wealth, and being in care, hath purchast comfort. And as concerning this poynt, this is my Catholicke beliefe:

A slow soft Tongue betokens Modestie,
But, quicke and loud signe's of Inconstancy:
Words, more then swords the inward Heart doe wound,
And glib'd tongue'd Women seldome chaste are found.
Much tongue in Wiues is bad, in Maides farre worse,
A long tongu'd Maide is right the Diuels dry Nurse:
He roares aloud, shee scoldeth shrill like bell;
Both worse than Fiends, both fit to liue in Hell.

Yea, so distastfull a plague was a bad tongue to *Arioste*, as he preferreth a wittie woman that secretly playeth false with her Husband, before a common and notorious Scold, as in his fifth Satyre treating of Marriage you may see more at large. [o] What *Montagnies* opinion is in this poynt, and what hee setteth downe of the Female Sexe, as concerning this matter, I had rather referre the Readers to his third Booke of *Essayes*, then to say any thing herein my selfe, considering *Veritas Odium parit*, Verdiuyce and Oate-meale good for a Parrot.

But

But here (perhaps) some of you expect from mee, to know whether p Man or q Woman, be more extreame and outragious in this more than monstrous Malady.

Noble (no doubt) and magnanimious is Mankinde, and so most delicate and generous is that pleasing Sexe of Women, I will not (herein) commend Man much, neyther will I so much as discommend the Woman a little for the same, since borne wee were for their r defence, and brought into the world to doe them dutifull seruice. Comparisons are odious, and to infer, or affirme vpon Conclusions, bringeth on (oftentimes) farther danger: onely gladly would I please both Kindes, and not willingly displease eyther: vouchsafe then (most Princely and Honourable Assembly) the opinion herein, of a famous Poet (for I neither dare nor will presume to deliuer mine owne) and one, that in my poore conceit, had good iudgement in IEALOVSIE, and that is OVID, a taste and touch whereof you may take, and then be Iudges your selues, prouided alwayes that you be not ouer partiall on your owne side.

The Verses are these:

Sed neq; fuluus Aper medea tam sæuus in ira est.
Fulmineo rapidos dum rotat ore Canes.
Nec Leo dum catulis lact antibus ubera prebet,
Nec breuis ignaro Vipera læsa pede,
Fœminea quam, &c.

But neyther rauening Tyger mad,
Nor wildest foaming Bore,
Are halfe so fierce, baited by Dogs,
Whom they doe pinch and gore:
Nor ruthlesse Lionesse, who sucke
Giues to her little ones:

p Man is the most noblest creature God made, whose duety consisteth in knowing his owne Nature, and in labouring to profit others, of whom (after *Tassos* Imitation) this Districque is written:

Man is a Creature of such excellence.
As (All) created was for his defence.

q Woman is of one and the self-same substance with Man, is what Man is, onely so much more imperfect, as she is created the weaker vessell, and *Hermes* auoucheth that a beautifull and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God, the true Glory of Angels, the rare Myracle of Earth, and the sole wonder of the World, a moderne Writer concluding thus:

Women to Men are equall every way,
And like infirmities (in both) doe stay.
WEE MEN *are Women, Women are* WEE MEN;
What difference is twixt vs and Women then?

r *Women are daintie Vessels fine,*
yet tender weake and soft;
They must sometimes be born with,
since they do beare so oft (all,
Then let vs not these creatures
disgrace, scorn or disdain, (sweet
When (truth to say) we came from
& they from vs first came, (the

Nor Viper quicke, trod on by chance
By Traueller on the stones:
As is a iealous Womans minde,
Whom Fury doth enflame.
Her gastly Count'nance showes her Thoughts,
None can her malice tame:
To Sword and Fire shee flyes, all Shame
Shee casteth from her quite,
Like such as are possest in Soule,
With some most hellish Spright.
Behold Medea, *how shee seekes,*
Reuengement for to take
Vpon her Children and her Spouse,
Whom shee away would make.
Another cruell mother is
The Swallow, which you see
Begor'd with blaud on brest, a marke
That with her Fact doth gree.
This is that damned IEALOVSIE,
Which o'er much Loue doth breede.
The wiser sort must shunne this Fiend,
And of the same take heede.

But now let vs come vnto the third verse of our Sonnet.

Et meutre, con la Fiamma il Gelo mesci.
——Whilst chill cold
Thou mingleste with a hot and burning Flame.

In this Verse our Poet sheweth the operation and working of IEALOVSIE, *viz.* that it mingleth chilly Cold (which is no other thing than Feare and Suspition) together with burning Flames of Fire, that is, with Loue, which is no thing else but a kinde of Fire. And herevpon our Poets vse these words (*Fiamma & Fuoco*)

Poetry is farre more commended then Prose, being far more honor to the Language it writes in, than the other, both because Poets were before Orators, and for that to write in Verse is more pleasing, more cunning, and more delightfull euery way. Besides, Poets (onely) haue the honour to be crowned with Myrtle and Laurell, and no Scholliers else: for they haue other Rewards; but these, Garlands and Crownes which last for euer.

not

not alone for Loue, but likewise, for the Women themselues whom they affect and like, as *Petrarq* did, when hee wrote this Canzon:

L'alma mia Fiamma, oltre le belle, &c.

My louelieſt Flame, *more beauteous then the beſt,*
Who had the heauens (her country) ſo much at command
Is thither gone; where, with the bleſſed, ſhe doth reſt,
And (as a glorious ſtar) by Venus *(there) doth ſtand,*
Now I beginne to wake, & (by Her) I doe finde,
That (for my Good) ſhe croſt me in my prime Deſire,
And with a ſweet diſdaine (for my deſerts) too kinde,
She temper did my more than hot and raging Fire.
I humbly thanke her, and thanke her Diſcretion ſage,
Who with ſuch mildnes cool'd my haſty youthfull Heate,
Whilſt I giuen o'er through fancy fond to raue and rage,
My Mind (thus yong) about my ſoules health I did beat.
O dainty Arts, and rare Effects, fit for the ſame:
The one, my Verſe, her matchles face, the other, wrought.
She vertuous ſeedes did ſow in me, I rais'd her Fame:
Her ſacred ſelfe, my witty Braine, to paſſe this brought.
Thrice happy I, if that ſo rare a Muſe
Had liued (ſtill) Grace in me to infuſe.

And the reuerend Cardinall [v] *Bembo*, in thoſe his diuine *Terzanes* of LOVE, ſaith thus:

Vn dinanzi al ſuo fuoco eſſer de neue,
Iluiro, &c.

He ſwore his Laſſe, more white than mountaine Snow,
Before him ſweetly ſmiling ſtood, as tho.

Where you muſt vnderſtand, that there is alwayes ſome pretty Epithite, added vnto the ſame, as *Petrarcq* did before:

L'alma mia Fiamma. And in another place:

Il mio bel fuoco è tale.
Che io deſidero di vederlo, &c.
My dainty Loue, my Fire ſo bright,
Is ſhee in whom I doe delight.

[v] *Peter Bembo*, ſonne to *Bernardo Bembo*, and to *Helena Marcella*, (a Romane borne) was excellent as well in Proſe as in Verſe, and for the commendable parts in him, Pope *Leo* the tenth, made him his Secretary; and not long after, *Paul* the third created him Cardinall. He dyed at *Venice*, and lyeth buryed in S. *Anthonies* Church in *Padoa*, where his Statue (of white Marble) is to be ſeene at this day.

And this kinde of phraſe is much in requeſt with the Latines, and not without great reaſon, wherevpon *Virgil* in his *Bucolickes*, ſaith thus:

At mihi ſeſe offert vltro meus Ignis Amintas.

But my ſweet Girle, Amintas *wanton Laſſe,*
Offers her ſelfe to mee, as by her I did paſſe.

And that Cold or Ice, is ſet downe, for Feare, (that is, the Effect, for the Occaſion, or Cauſe) is a moſt vſuall Figure, not onely with thoſe who are Verſifiers, but ſuch likewiſe as write in proſe, follow the ſame courſe. Now, the reaſon of this is, for that whoſoeuer doth feare, waxeth pale and colde as a ſtone, becauſe Dread and Feare draw vp, and weaken the heart, wherevpon Nature (to ſuccour and comfort the ſame) the [x] Heart being the moſt noble part of man, and being that which (according to the *Peripatetical* Philoſophers, is the firſt of all the Body that hath life, and the laſt that dyeth) diſperſeth and ſendeth the bloud abroad, that is aboue it, and finding that not ſufficient, conueyeth that bloud alſo, for his ayde and helpe which is below; and hereof commeth the paleneſſe in a mans face, and the fearefull cold, hee hath therewithall. Beſides, a man trembleth and ſhaketh for Feare, by reaſon that (the Heart trembling) all the whole Body ſhaketh after his firſt ſtirring. And this kinde of ſpeech did *Petrarcq* vſe of IEALOVSIE in the Sonnet alledged a little before:

Amor ch'encende il cuor d'ardente Zelo,
Di gelata paura, il tien coſtretto, &c.

Where Icy Feare, without doubt, ſignifieth nothing elſe but IEALOVSIE: and therefore addeth:

Et qual ſia piu, fa dubbio, all'Intelletto,
La ſperanz'el timor, la fiamma o'l gelo.

He

[x] *Ariſtotle* in his Booke *De natura Anim.* ſaith, the heart of man, is lodged on the left ſide of his body, but in all other creatures elſe, it is naturally in the middeſt of their breſt. And it is a common receiued opinion among all Naturall Philoſophers, that the very firſt part which is formed of man, is the heart of man, (as the maine roote of all his other members, and the ſpring and fountaine of naturall heate) and it is alſo the onely member that laſt looſeth his mouing, and dyeth in man; It being a member ſo noble and delicate, that it cannot endure any touching, but preſently the party dyeth.

He taking (as I said ere while) *la fiamma, e'l Gelo*, the Fire for Loue, and the cold for Iealousie: as in this place the meaning of our Poet is the like: so againe *Petrarcque* vseth this Verse (*Mescere*) in the selfe-same signification Mounsign^or *De la Casa*, doth; who speaketh in the Triumph of Diuinitie thus:

Ogni gratia mi fia, se mai l'impetro,
Che io veggio in presente il sommo bene, &c.

Oh what great Grace should I thinke done to me,
If I that chiefest Good might (present) see.
And not what's bad and ill, which Time alone
Brings mingled with him, and with him is gone?

Although it may be taken as a Metaphor for Wine, as they (commonly) vse this kinde of phrase, euery where in *Florence*; in which sense that sharpe conceited Wit of this our dayes, and my very inward Friend M^r. *Lodouicque Martelli* tooke this phrase, set downe in one of his dainty Madrigals, where he beginneth after this manner:

Io ho nel cuore vn Gelo,
Che quanto pen lo scaldo, piu s'indura,
A chilly Cold or freesing Ice
Lyeth bout my Heart below,
Which (more it burnes) the harder still
Within mee it doth grow.

And then a little after, (to come to this our word *Mescere*) hee saith:

Il soffrir mesce martire a l'aspra doglia.
If I should seeke to ease my Griefe,
My selfe I kill out-right:
If, suffer it, it mixeth paine
Mongst it, more, me to spight.

But

) A Florentine borne; and a familiar friend of this our Authors, was excellent in Poetry, especially for composing of Elegies, and therefore was tearmed by many, a second *Tibullus*. He wrote (amongst other things) a Tragedie called *Tullia*, and replyed against *Giouan Giorgio Trissino* (a learned Venetian,) about his Epistles, betweene which twaine, was some controuersie. He dyed very young, and as some say, was made away by poyson in *Regno*, a country belonging to the Kingdome of *Naples*, about the yeere 1566. leauing many workes of his vnfinisht, in that hee was preuented by so vntimely a death.

But now let vs come to the fourth Verse of our Sonnet:

Tutto il regno d'Amor turbi & contristi.
By which (thou) all the Kingdome of milde Loue
Dost trouble, heauy make, and too much moue.

In these few words of this Verse onely, all the griefes and discontentments which can be imagined in loue, are here (generally) contayned, which by how much it is pleasing and sweet of it selfe, by so much the more it is distastfull and vnpleasant, being mixed with IEALOVSIE, no otherwise than if a most bitter poyson should be mingled with some excellent and pure Sugar or Honey.

But it is now high time, to come vnto the rest of the other Stanzaes, which we will quicklie dispatch as soone as we shall deliuer and show, that not without great skill and Iudgement, these foure first verses were wouen, and knit together, for as much as euery one of them concludeth with a fit sentence (as it were) and so likewise end: which, besides a certaine kinde of Grauitie, with a maiesticq manner of disdaine, (that is included within them) force there Auditors, the more attentiuely to heare them; this sort of workmanship being as cunningly contriued by out fore-said graue *Bembo*, in a Sonnet of his where hee speaketh of [z] *Hope* thus:

Speme, che gli occhi nostri veli, & fusci,
Sfreni, & sferzi le voglie, &c.

Thou Hope, *which clouds't and shadow'st our sight still,*
Which forward yerk'st & whipst our courage & our wil.
Thou Hope, *the Bread and Food of hungry men,*
(Louers I meane) they oft are hungry then.

And so forth, as in the Sonnet.

But now wee will come to the second Stanza of our Sonnet.

Poi

z. *Hope* is a pleasant passion of the minde, which doth not onely promise vs those things that wee doe desire, but such things also as we haue vtterly despayre of, and therefore one speaketh wittily to this purpose, saying: *Hope* is the Pooles God, the Merchants Comfort, the Souldiers Companion, and the Ambitious Mans poyson: but yet notwithstanding this last Definition,

Hope is the sad Hearts helpe,
the sicke Thoughts Friend,
And what Distrust impaires,
Hope doth amend.
True Hope is swift, and flyes
with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and
meanest Creatures Kings.

Poi che in breui hora entrol' mio dolce hai misti, &c.
Since thou (so soone) amongst my sugred Sweet
Hast mixt thy bitter Drugs, hence from my Heart,
Goe packe to Cocytus, and to those foyes Deepe,
Those sad and wofull waters full of smart.

As concerning the chiefe point of this second part (in the which our Poet hauing before discoursed of IEALOVSIE, and of her Effects at the full) hee now commeth to the particulars, and commanding or rather entreating her to leaue and part from forth his Body and his Heart, hauing done the worst she could, after her wonted manner, and made him of a most fortunate man, the most wretchedst creature aliue; and therefore there remayning nothing for her (as now to doe more) he telleth her, that she may do well to [a] returne backe to Hell, from whence she (first) came, as this word (*Torna*) signifieth. But this Stanza because it is eahe enough of it selfe, and because we haue discoursed sufficiently at large thereof before, we will spend no longer time therein, (only) we will (briefly note) certaine speciall things, as concerning some words he vseth here. And first, we will say, that the first halfe line (*Since thou so soone*) was set downe with great iudgement, and for the nonce, not so much to answere that Verse aboue written:

——— And too-too soone dost giue
Credit to thy Suspitions, ———

As to shew the force and sudden power of this detestable poyson, which worketh most violently and suddenly. (*Hai misti.*) That is, hast mixt, or mingled, as *Petrarch* saith in this his Sonnet.

Se Virgilio & Homero haueßin viſto
Quel ſol, il qual, vegg' io con gli occhi miei, &c.
If Virgil, *or learn'd* Homer *seene had my Sun bright,*
Which I so oft behold with these my happy eyes,

[a] For there is her chiefe mansion house, according to the opinion of a Gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, who to this effect, writeth thus:

A seeming Friend, but Enemie to Rest,
A wrangling Passion, yet a gladsome thought;
A bad Companion, yet a welcome Ghest,
A Knowledge wisht, yet found too soone vnsought;
From Heauen suppos'd, but (sure) sprung first from Hell,
Is IEALOVSIE, *and there (forlorne) doth dwell.*

From thence she sends fond Feare, and false Suspect,
To haunt our Thoughts, bewitched with mistrust,
Which breedes in vs the Issue and Effect
Both of Conceit, and Fictions most vniust:
The griefe, the shame, the smart thereof doth proue
That IEALOVSIE *is Death, and Hell to Loue.*

For what but Hell, moues in the iealous Heart,
Where restlesse feare workes out all sugred ioyes,
Which doth both quench, and kill that louing part,
And cloyes the minde with worse then knowne annoyes
Whose pleasure farre exceeds Hels deepe Extreames,
Such life leades Loue, entangled with Misdeames.

They would haue mixt (to blaze her Fame)
their vtmost might,
In both their tongues they would haue raisd
her to the Skies:
They would haue made Æneas *discontent and sad,*
Achilles, *graue* Vlisses, *many* Heroies *then,*
Augustus, *and* Orestes, *(who* Ægistus *had*
Did kill) should still haue laine in darke Oblivions den:
Old Ennius *sang in harsh and ragged formed Verse,*
Don Scipios *praise (the matchlesse wonder of his age.)*
I strive a peerelesse Virgins fame for to rehearse,
Who wins the Garland for her vertuous carriage sage.
Heauens grant, though (for this subiect) meane's my (wit,
That shee'l not skorne me, but accept of it.
Torna à Cocito e à lagrimosi, & tristi,
Chiaccia l'Inferno, &c.

Giacci, and not Campi, you must read (as I haue seene in some Copies) and this is a certaine Poeticall description of HELL, and very rightly, and fitly doth he will her to returne to Hell, from whence she came; since (certainely) it is a right Furie indeed, *Aniesto* hauing Christned it by the name of an infernall plague. And therefore you must note, that as euery thing which is good and fayre, is said to proceed and come from Paradise; so contrariwise, All whatsoeuer is foule, and bad, we terme to come from Hell, as *Virgill* saith that desperate Gaming, and ghastly Famine issue from thence: *Petrarca* speaking as much of *Laura's* Looking-glasse, after this manner:

Questo fu fabricato sopra l'acque,
d'Abisso, & tinto nel eterno oblio,
Onde il principio dimio morte nacque.
No doubt some Fiend, this Looking-glasse did make,
Within the waters of th'infernall Lake;
Forgetfulnesse eternall, dyed the same
From whence (at first) did spring my mortall bane.

And

And in another place, taxing the Court of Rome, he calleth it the HELL of the Liuing; as in a third passage hee termeth the World after this manner; when he wrote thus:

Non vorrei riuederla in ques'inferno, &c.

Not willingly I would her see againe,
In this bad world, this Hell, this Gulfe of paine:

But now to the rest.

Iui, iate stessa incresci, &c.
Packe hence to Hell, thou worse than hellish Elfe,
There vexe, torment, and gawle thine inward selfe.

Meaning, she should there tortor her selfe, and not be grieuous and troublesome vnto others, and in this sort doth he paint and set forth the Nature and Conditions of IEALOVSIE, which *Lodouicq Martelli* hath no lesse elegantly, than eloquently set downe in one of his Canzons, entreating of Loue, and which, because I perceiue you stand attentiue to heare, I will most willingly acquaint you withall.

Quel che interrompe ilor casto desire,
E se quel ch'è d'un solo à molti è dato,
Quest' ingombra i mortai di sdegni, & ire;
Et turba, & volue ogni amoroso stato, &c,

That which brenkes Louers chaste designes in twaine,
And giues to Many, what (to One) doth appertaine,
Is that which fils mens hearts with furious fire,
And (topsi turni) turnes each amorous desire;
Is that which makes Men wish (so oft) to dye,
And to contest gainst God, he is borne disasterously;
Makes him disclaime his Goodnesse and his Grace,
When as he findes himselfe in such hard case:
To liue as one forsooke, and quite exild,
From all good Fortune, and from pitty milde:

But although this Verbe (*Iucressere*) signifieth to haue compassion and pitty (for the most part)

as that deepe and ♭ profound Poet *Dant* sheweth, in one of his learned and morall Canzons, beginning (as it were) somewhat abruptly, thus:

Em'increſce di me ſi altamente
Ch'altro tanto di doglia
Mi reca la pietà, quanto'l martire.
So much I ſorrow for my ſelfe,
And in ſo high degree;
As pitty brings as much of griefe,
As tortors doe to mee.

And *Petrarcq* (after the ſame manner) writeth thus:

Hor de miei danni à me medeſſimo increſſe, &c.
Now to my ſelfe, I grieue for this my loſſe,
Though by her lookes ſhe ſhewed ſhe ſorry was.

Yet neuertheleſſe, the ſame Poet in the firſt Stanza of his Canzon, of his transformations, taketh it in this our ſenſe, when he ſaith:

Paiſe giuro ſi come à me n'increbbe, &c.
Then ſware ſhe that to me ſhe did no wrong,
Although ſhe vext me for to ſtay, and looke ſo long.

And this is worth the noting (as I ſaid a little before) that one Tuſcan word alone, ſhould ſignifie two things; and thoſe ſo much different one from another: the Latines likewiſe, hauing the like ſignification in theſe two Verbes: *Miſeret*, and *Tedet*: It pitieth me, and it irketh me.

Iui ſenza riposo i giorni mena, &c.
There (without reſt) prolong thy weary dayes,
And let thy Nights without ſleepe be ſpent;
There tortor (ſtill) and grieue thy ſelfe alwayes,
As well for doubtfull as ſure puniſhment, &c.

In this part hee goeth on, deſcribing and ſetting downe the Nature and Life of ſuch as be Iealous, vnder the deſcription of IEALOVSIE herſelfe, who (alwayes) liuing as it were, in a continuall Hell, take no reſt in the day; neither can they ſleepe

♭ This learned Poet was borne in *Florence*, his Wife being of the houſe of the DONATI, there, and called BIANCA, but he being baniſhed from thence, liued in the ancient Citie *Rauenna*, in *Romagna*, where he lieth enterred, hauing a fayre Tombe ouer him, which *Bernardo Bembo*, (Father to Cardinall *Bembo*) reedified and made new, when hee remained *Podeſta* (there) for the Signorie of *Venice*, with this Epitaph ouer him.

Exigua Tumulo (DANTES) hic ſorte iacebas,
Squallenti nulli, cognite (pene) ſitu;
At nunc Marmoreo, ſubnixus conderis arcu
Omnibus, & cultu ſplendidiore nites,
Nimirum BEMBVS, Muſis incenſus Hetruſcis,
Hoc tibi, quem imprimis hæ coluere dedit.

But the aforeſaid Citie of *Rauenna* is now ſubiect to the Romane Church. This *Dant* is by ſome learned Italians compared and equalled with *Homer* and *Virgill*, and was not alone a Poet, but a Philoſopher, a Deuine, a Phiſitian, and an Aſtronomer with all: yet doth Cardinall *Bembo* preferre *Petrarcq* before him. When *Dant* was young, hee was Scholler to *Brunetto Latini*, *Vincentio Berghini*, Prior of the Hoſpitall of the Innocenti in *Florence*, hauing made an excellent Comment vpon all his workes.

sleepe at all in the nights, but (euer) grieue and lament, taking on as well for that which is false, as for what they stand in doubt of to be true; imagining many times, and conceiting diuers things that are altogether impossible; for this strange Maladie engendreth a continuall and a perpetuall [c] discontentment and disquietnesse in the minde, so that hee is not able, nor hath any power to giue ouer from vexing himselfe, standing (alwayes) watchfull with his eares wide open, to hearken and listen to euery word, euery voyce, euery sound, and euery winde: all which, hee taketh in a wrong and sinister sence, coniecturing (euermore) worse of the same than hee neede. And therefore *Propertius* excuseth himselfe, about this fault, in one of his Elegies, thus:

Omnia me terrent, timidus sum, ignosce timori,
Et miser in tunica suspicor esse virum;
Me ledit, si multa tibi dabit oscula, mater
Me, Soror, & cum qua dormit Amica simul.

Each thing affrights me, I doe feare
Ah pardon mee, my feare.
I doubt a man is hid within
The cloathes which thou dost weare:
If thine owne Mother kisse thee (oft)
Or Sister thine, I grieue:
I feare the Mayde that lyeth with thee,
And in thy House doth liue.
Each thing makes me suspect; I looke
With iealous watchfull eye;
The Nurse makes me to doubt, and Childe
That doth in Cradle lye.

And this, *Petrarcq* reprehending as a vaine and impossible thing, saith:

Pur come Donna in vn vestire schietto.

[c] According to this saying applyed vnto a suspitious or Iealous person.

Suspect like traytor false, bewrayes our words,
Suspicious eyes are messengers of woe.
Iealous Suspect vgly Despayre affords,
And of thy dearest friend makes deadliest Foe.

As if a woman in her Gowne,
Or in a slender Vayle,
A liuing man should (secret) hide,
Which is a senslesse tale.

Yea, this franticque Humour, rnnneth on (oftentimes) so farre, as it taketh away a mans senses, as if hee were not the same partie hee was before: whereupon, all those things not onely proceede which *Horace* setteth downe in that pleasant Ode of his: beginning,

Cum te Lydia, Telephi, &c.
With thee my wanton Lydia,
Who giuen art o'er much to play &c.

But, which is more, we are afraid of our owne shadow: which *Propertius* confesseth thus:

Ipse meas solus (quod nil est) æmuler vmbras,
Stultus, quod stulto sæpe timore, tremo.
I mine owne shadowes dread, alone,
Which (nothing are) in vaine,
And, like a foole, through fooliſh feare,
Oft put my selfe in paine.

And the learned *Molza*, imitating this Poet, beginneth one of his Sonnets, after such a manner, writing thus:

Io son del mio bel sol, tanto Geloso.
So Iealous am I of my beauteous Sunne,
As (scarsely) can I brooke,
(Such is my doubt) that any shonld
As much as on her looke.

And because (as I said before) IEALOVSIE is a kinde of *Enuy*, grieuing as much at anothers Good, as shee doth at her owne hinderance and hurt. Iealous folke are content to endure any discommodity whatsoeuer, vpon condition that no other shall enioy the benefit thereof.

And hereupon our amorous Poet *Tibullus*, speaketh thus in an Elegie of his:

At tu fallacis Coniux incaute puellæ,
Tu quoq; ſeruato, peccet vt illa nihil.
But thou (kinde Witall) Husband thou
Vnto my subtle Wench,
I pray thee haue a watchfull eye,
Least shee play false at Fence.

What shall I say more: such as be iealous, feare not men onely, but likewise suspect and doubt the Gods themselues; and therefore saith *Ouid* in his Epistles for *Sappho:*

Hunc ne pro Cephalo *raperes, Aurora timebam,*
Et faceres, sed te prima rapina tenet, &c.
I dread (Aurora) *least*
for Cephalus *thou would*
Haue chosen him, saue that
thy former Rape doth thee with-hold:
If Phœbe *view him (once)*
that all suruayes with Eye,
My Phao *shall be quickely fore't*
in slumbers long to lye:
In Iuory Waggon would
Dame Venus *to the Starres*
Haue borne him, but she fear'd, hee would
haue coyde the God of Warres.

Ouid in his Epistle of *Sappho* to *Phao.*

Many more examples could I alledge for this purpose, most of the Poets, especially the Grecians and the Latines, not talking of any thing so much, nor that toucheth and galleth the Heart so sharply, as this doth: which forced *Propertius* to write thus:

Nulla sunt inimicitiæ nisi Amoris acerbæ, &c.
There's no vnkindnesse like Loue wrong'd,
Such things most bitter are to mee,
Let me mine owne throate cut; yet I
A kinde Foe to my selfe shall be:
With what face can I see strange Armes
My Wench for to imbrace and twine,

When

When shee anothers shall be tearm'd,
Who (but euen now) was called Mine?
Sure all things change and Louers mindes
Doe change, and (changing) proue.
Winne thou in Loue, or doe thou loose,
So turnes the wheele of Loue.

But our Tuscane [d] Poets, louing more chastly than the Heathen, wrote more discretely, and with a better minde of this subiect, neyther had they so much cause to complayne, or enueigh against this wicked Fury.

And now as concerning the two first lines of this last Stanza, in my conceit this word (*in*) (there) is not without good grace and much elegancy vttered three times, one after another, not so much to knit and ioyne the Verses following, to those that goe before, as for that Flourish or Figure, called *Repetitio*, by our Rhetoritians, and because of that other which is tearm'd an Article, the conioyning and coupling of the Coniunction (*Et*, And) being not put to any of them.

I giorni mena.

This phrase *Menare i giorni*, is, in this place, after the same fashion as *Petrarca* vseth the same in that Sonnet of his:

[d] The worth of Poets and Poetrie, can neuer be sufficiently commended enough, although this Iron age hath nothing more in contempt, which is not the fault of Schollers, but of those dull Midasses, now liuing, who make so small account of them, and therefore passing well said hee that wrote this Distichque:

The Man that scorneth Poets, and Arts Schoole,
Lackes but a long Coate to be Natures Foole.

Yet in despight of these worse than nasty Iaylors, that keepe such store of wealth in their hard Closets, and secret places far darker than *Lymbo* it selfe, from those that deserue it better euery way than themselues, (and all which dunghill muck is nothing but the base Excrements of this stinking Earth) I will set downe here the worth of a Poet (more in value by much than their Idolatrous trash) as that sweet Muse of his (who not vnworthily beareth the name of the cheifest Archangell) singeth after this Soule-rauishing manner:

When Heauen would striue to doe the best shee can,
And put an Angels spirit into a Man:
Then all her powers shee in that Worke doth spend,
When shee a POET *to the world doth send;*
The difference onely twixt the Gods and Vs,
Allow'd by them, is but distinguisht thus;
They giue them breath, Men by their Powers are borne,
That life they giue the POET *doth adorne:*
And from the world, when they dissolue mans breath,
They in the world doe giue Man life in death.

The

Chi e fermato di menar sua vita, &c.
Who is resolu'd to lead his life vnsure,
Amid the wauering Seas and Rockes so high
Feareless of death in Barke which cannot dure,
Must make account he to his End is nigh.
'Tis good for such an one to hoyse his sayle,
And towards the Hauen get for his auayle.

Imitating herein the Latinists, who say, *ducere vitam*, to liue. And yet *Petrarcq* in this Sonnet following, turned it to another sense.

Po ben puo tu portarne la scorza, &c.
Well mayst thou (Po) my body carry fast,
By reason of thy swift and mightie wane,
My Soule the Ghest within this lodging plac't,
For all thy force with thee, thou canst not haue:
This neare giues o'er, but striues to mount on high,
Forcing (herselfe) vnto the clouds to glide,
Vntill it to that happy place come nigh,
Where it doth hope in perfect Blisse to bide:
Thou Prince of Riuers, prouder than the rest,
Encountring with the Sunne when day doth breake:
And in the ponent of that Light quite dispossest,
Where waters thine beginne for to grow weake,
Beare thou this outward shape alone with thee,
Whilst my Soule in her sweet lodge longs to be.

And this kinde of phrase is (most commonly) taken after the worse sense, as in the first Chapter of *Loue*, he speaketh thus:

Qual e morte da lui, qual con piu grani, &c.
What Death is his? what wretched life,
That pouer wretch sustaines?
Whom Lawes seuere command him lye
Shut close, and bound in chaynes, &c.

But now to our Poet againe.

Non mendi dubbia che di certa pena.
As well for doubtfull as sure punishments, &c.

In my conceit he could neuer more learnedly,

nor more, and as I may say, more elegantly expresse and set downe the last difference of IEALOVSIE, than hee hath (here) done in this Verse, considering there may (perhaps) be found such a kinde of gnawing Corsiue or inward fretting Passion, that may haue part, or the most of these troubles that IEALOVSIE hath, but that there (euer) should be found any one that shall continually, lament and grieue, as much for that which is impossible and doubtfull, as for what is certaine and well knowne, that can I neuer be induced to belieue: this one thing being rightly the propertie and nature of this franticque Malady. And therefore *Arioſto* said likewise well, when (speaking of IEALOVSIE) he wrote thus:

Non men per falso che per ver ſuſpetto, &c.
This hellish Hag makes men to wayle and rue,
Through false ſuſpect, as well as for what's true.

Petrarcque intimating as much, when (as before is alledged) hee said:

Pur come Donna in vn veſtir ſchietto, &c.
Like to a woman that is finely clad,
And vnder garment hers ſome man ſhe had.

Inferring hereby no other thing, then (as hath beene often repeated before) that Iealous persons are afraid of what they neede not, they being alwayes full of Suspition and dread, no otherwise than as if it were a likely or possible thing that a woman should hide a liuing man vnder her vaile or her attyre. And in this Sonnet (aforesaid) *Petrarch* setteth downe IEALOVSIE by foure diuers names: *viz.* trembling Cold, shiuering Feare, chilly Ice, and melancholy Suspect • as he calleth Loue by foure other seuerall words, Zeale, Hope, Fire and Desire: the Reasons whereof we will (at some other time) disclose, and so conclude with our Authors Epilogue:

Vatene

• Well may *Petrarcq* brand Loue with foure such seuerall tearmes, when, that learned Philosopher *Marcus Aurelius* calleth it a cruell impression of that wonderfull passion, which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strong nature of it, and onely they know it, who inwardly doe feele it. And therefore I will be bold to descant vpon it thus,

What is not LOVE? *'tis All,*
Vertue and Vice,
Humble, proud, witty, foolish,
kinde and nice;
A golden bubble, blowne big
with idle Dreames,
That waking breakes, and fils
vs with Extreames.

Or rather thus;

LOVE *backeward speld (put* I *for* O) *is* EVIL.
Adde D *before the same, and*
tis the DEVIL.
A DEVIL *'tis, and mischiefe*
such doth worke,
As neuer yet did Pagan, Iew,
nor Turke.

Vatene; a che piu fiera che non suole, &c.
Dispatch, begone; why fiercer than before,
And farre more stranger than thou went'st to be:
(Since venime thine, to poyson me the more
Through euery vayne dispersed is by thee?)
Dost thou returne to me in shadowes new,
The more to force me still to grieue and rew?

This fourth and last part agreeth meruaylous well with the beginning and middest of this Sonnet, according to *Horace* his Aduice, where hee saith, in his Booke *De Arte Poetica.*

Primum ne medio, medium ne discrepet imo, &c.
The First with Midst, the Middest with
The latter must agree.
If thus thy worke be framde aright,
It needes must perfect be.

Thus with a kinde of briefe Repetition he concludeth and shutteth vp the whole substance of his Sonnet, willing IEALOVSIE once more to be packing, and as it were, seeming to be angry and to chide her, alledging (to perswade her the sooner to be gone,) the Reasons before alledged: for as much signifieth these two Verses:

Since venime thine, to poyson me the more,
Through euery veyne dispersed is in mee,

As the other twaine aboue mentioned:

Since thou (so soone) amongst my sugred sweets,
Hast mixt thy bitter Drugs, &c.

And partly it declareth the nature of this insatiable Monster, who thinketh it not enough, to haue infected and spoyled a man with her poyson on the sodayne: but shee must also turne backe againe, with diuers and strange Apparitions and Shadowes, that is, with new Fashions and Shapes, after a more cruell and fearefull manner, euery day more than other, and so encreaseth con-

tinually, to the greater discontentment of his minde. But this Part being sufficient playne of it selfe, I will speake the lesse herein, onely, as you know well enough, this word (f *Larue*) in the Latine tongue, signifieth the condemned Soules of the wicked, which we in our vulgar tongue terme Spirits of Ghosts: but here it intimateth s fundry Shadowes, Fantasmes, and Apparisions, in which (as they say) they vse to appeare. And this is borrowed out of *Petrarcq*, in one of his Sonnets beginning thus:

Fuggendo la preson on' Amor, &c.

Ladies, if redions were to set downe here,
How much I grieue at my new libertie,
Since I brake prison, where so many yeere
Loue kept mee (as he pleas'd) most watchfully,
My Heart would tell mee oft hee could not liue,
But as hee did, whilst Cupid *(subtle Elfe)*
Met me in Shadowes false, me (more) to griene,
And might deceiue a wiser than my selfe.
This makes me oft looke backe, and (sighing) say
Woe's me too late, now to my losse I finde,
'Tis worse with mee now I am scap't away,
My Yoake and Chaines were wont to be more kinde:
Too late I now perceiue my wilfull fall,
And hardly (now) can I my selfe vntwine
From my first Error, which I would recall,
In which I wound my selfe through Follies mine;
When I was bound, I then wisht to be free;
Now I am freed, I loath my Libertie.

And now this Sonnet of our being expounded and ended, there are (most noble Auditors) many and sundry goodly and delightfull doubts, no lesse profitable than difficult and hard to conceiue, about this subiect of IEALOVSIE. But because (presuming vpon your curteous patience) I haue somewhat exceeded the prefixed time, appointed

f Besides these *Larue* (in Latine the condemned Soules of the wicked) the Heathens held there were these kindes of Spirits more, LARES, GENII, MANES, and LEMVRES, and the *Lares*, which came of of LARVE, were those Shadowes and Ghosts which they supposed did torment the domesticall and particular Inhabitants of priuate houses.

s A Fantasme is according to S. *Austin*, an Imagination, and an Impression in the Soule, of such Formes and Shapes as are knowne, or of such as shall be imagined without any sight had of them. But a Spectre or Apparition is an Imagination of a Substance without a Body, the which presenteth it selfe sensibly vnto man, against the order and course of Nature, and maketh him afraid, onely the difference betweene the one and the other is this; A Fantasme is a thing without life and substance, and the APPARISION or SPECTRE, hath a substance hidden and concealed, which seemeth to moue the fantasticq body, the which it hath taken.

pointed for this solemne place, I would be loth (any longer) to be tedious vnto you; and therefore we will onely touch some of the chiefe and principall of them by the way, and such as wee shall thinke to be most fitting and necessary for vs. First then, some make a doubt, and are maruellous desirous to be resolued in this point, which is: whether Loue, I meane that[h] Loue which is the desire of beautie, may be without IEALOVSIE, as it seemeth *Petrarcq* is of that opinion, in that Sonnet of his, (mentioned so often by vs heretofore) where he saith, that he loueth his Mistresse *Laura*, without being Ielous at all; and he sheweth the reason thereof, and what the cause was he did so, when he said:

L'altra non già ch'el mio bel fuoco è tale, &c.
The other's none of mine,
For my fire's of such power, &c.
l'Amor chen cend il cuore,

To this we answere briefly thus:

[i] Loue (truly) we cannot, vnlesse there be some spice of IEALOVSIE therein; and the reason is, for that (as *Aristotle* in his eyght Booke of Elegies saith, Loue is of one alone, but Friendship is amongst few. And where *Ouid* writeth to[k] *Grecinus*, that hee liked and loued two women, and

[h] There are sixe properties in LOVE. Selfe-Loue is the ground of Mischiefe. Lasciuious Loue, the roote of Remorse. Wanton Loue the Cowards warfare. Pure Loue neuer saw the face of Feare. Pure Loues eies pierce the darkest corners, and pure Loue attempteth the greatest dangers, but this Loue which is a desire of Beautie, is a Heartfull of Coldnesse, a Sweet full of Bitternesse, a Paine full of Pleasantnes making thoughts haue Eyes, and Hearts Eares. It is bred by Desire: nursed by Delight: weaned by Iealousie: kild by Dissembling, and buried by Ingratitude; to be briefe, It is not to be suppresst by Wisedome, because not to be comprehended with Reason.

[i] *True Loue doth looke with pure*
suspicious eye,
And you kill Loue, cashiering
IEALOVSIE?

Although another writeth after this sort:

On Loue (saith some) waits
IEALOVSIE,
But IEALOVSIE *wants Loue:*
When curiously the ouerplus,
Doth idle quarrels moue.

[k] Ouid. *lib.* 2. *&* *Eleg.* 10. The substance of which Elegie is this,

Grecinus, well I wot thou told'st me once,
I could not bein Loue with two at once;
By thee deceiu'd, by thee surpris'd am I,
For now I Loue two Women equally:
Both are well fauoured, both rich in aray,
And which the lou'liest is, t'is hard to say,
This seemes the fairest, so doth that to me,
And this doth please me most, and so doth she:
Euen as a Boat toss'd by contrary Winde,
So with this Loue, and that wauers my Minde.

(both of them) at one time: my opinion, vnder correction) is, hee miſtooke himſelfe in the name, although greater matters than theſe are tollerable, and paſſe for currant amongſt Poets, whereupon our amorous Maſter [l] *Lewes Allemanni* ſayth, imitating his moſt witty Shoolemaſter *Ouid*, in one of his dainty and ſweet Tuſcan Elegies, thus.

Per qual cagion anien crudel Amore,
Che fuor d'ogn'uſo humnan per Cinthia & Flora,
Porto due fiamme, & non hà più d'un cuore?
What is the reaſon (tell me) cruell Loue,
That gainſt all common ſence I wretch ſhould proue,
And beare two fires, when I haue but one hart,
For Cinthia and for Flora, more to make me ſmart?

Now if the woman that is beloued, ſhould affect another, (when there cannot be any Loue true, but of one alone) it muſt then of neceſſitie follow, that ſhe ſhould not care for her firſt friend or Louer, this being the principall point required of her. Beſides, the [m] Louer coueting and deſiring to beget of his Miſtreſſe a thing like vnto himſelfe, it muſt follow by this rule, that he ſhould not obtaine his purpoſe, hauing his ſhe-Friend

Io, non inuoco Apollo, o altre Iddie,
E' veggio che le Muſe'lanno troppo noia,
L'aiuto Orrinzo, el, Fedele, el, Piſtoia,
Pietro, Pamfilo, Saſſo, el, Tibaldeo,
E frai noſtri Toſcani, il Vnico, e Ceo,
Queſti verſacchi miei, ſon loro a noia,
E come Marzia, io prendereila quoia,
Che io non ſon con coſtor buon Cetaro.

[l] This man was borne in *Pratolino*, a ſmall Village in *Tuſcanie*, not farre from *Florence*, he wrote many ſorts of Poemes, eſpecially, Elegies, in which hee is counted, and (as others write) preferred before *Ouid*. Hee had two Kinſemen, that were Schollers, the one *Baptiſta Allemanni*, Biſhop of *Macone*, a little Towne in *Lombardie*, and of inward acquaintance with this Author *Benedetto Varchi*, and the other called *Antonio Allemanni*, who wrote many pretty and witty workes, in the Italian tongue, imitating *Burchiello*, in his manner of Verſe, called *BVRCHIELLESCA*, and had acquaintance with moſt of the learned men of his time, whom he mentioneth very often, eſpecially, in this Sonnet following.

[m] According to that ſaying:

Loue doth deſire the thing belou'd to ſee,
That like it ſelfe in louely ſhape may be.

And as another very wittily writeth:

LOVES greateſt powerfull Force and Excellence,
Is to transforme the very Soule and Eſſence
Of the Louer into the thing belou'd,
For ſo by deepe Philoſophy is prou'd.

common

common to another. And whosoeuer beleeueth, or is of opinion, that a man may (truly) and from the heart, loue and affect more then one, at one and the selfe-same time, is very much mistaken, as (besides the authoritie of *Aristotle* aforesaid) we haue proued (euen now) in this place: neither doth he rightly vnderstand how that partie who loueth indeed, loueth his Friend as his owne proper and best good, hee crauing and desiring nothing so much than that twaine should become one, as *Plato* reporteth, those two Louers answered *Vulcan* very well, and to this purpose *Lodouicq Martelli* spake excellent well, saying:

Nessun può far, di queich' al mondo sono,
A più d'una di se gradito dono.
No man (for present) can himselfe bestow,
But on one woman, if he honest show.

And (me thinkes) he spake as well, when he said thus:

Et poco è l'don, ch'un di se stesso face, &c.
Thinke you that man doth giue but little wealth,
When (gift-wise) he bestoweth All himselfe?

Hauing sayd before.

Et quei ch'ama dinoi, (donne) piu d'una, &c.
Fayre Ladies, he that shall loue more
Than one of any you;
And at one time dissembler is,
His Loue can not be true:
His mind's beyond his might, like he
That with his daring eye
Stands staring on the Sunny beames,
And blinded is thereby:

Wee will then, for conclusion, say, that wheresoeuer [n] true Loue is, there indeed some IEALOVSIE must most necessarily be, and where no IEALOVSIE is, there of necessitie can be no true Loue indeed; as a certaine Gentleman (a

[n] With which opinion these Verses agree well.

The treweſt Loue (ſometim's) ſuſpicious,
And feedes on Cares and Feares moſt amorous;
Nor can LOVE *liue without ſome* IEALOVSIE.
Which tane away, it ſtrait begins to dye.

(a friend of mine) wrote to his Mistresse, (who tooke some exceptions against him, because hee seemed to be a little yellow of her) when amongst other things he wrote thus vnto her.

Nor let not this (Lady) your minde once moue:
Iealous to be (in some sort) is true Loue.

And of this opinion was *Petrarcq*, as you may perceiue in the beginning of that his Sonnet so often, by peece-meale, repeated by vs, although (in the end therof) he to insinuate into her fauour, (and to commend his Mistres *Laura* the more) faineth like a right Poet, that there was no IEALOVSIE in him, which neuertheless, he yeeldeth to be in any other Louer else; and which our familiar acquaintance Master *Lewes Allemanni*, knowing to be but too true, added (therefore) those speeches (set downe a little before by mee) *Fuor d'ogni vso humano*. Meaning hereby, as if it were a thing against nature any liuing man, should not haue some small spice of IEALOVSIE in him.

Another doubt is, whether IEALOVSIE be (naturally) in Louers or no, many affirming it is, and withall, alleadging the same likewise to be in euery bruit Beast, as well as in man, * excepting onely in those kinde of ouerkinde Creatures, to whom our language hath giuen a strange name, by reason they are careless and respectless of their owne honours, accounting it a small matter for their Wiues to be of the common gender, and more courteous then indeed ciuility or good manners require they should be.

And certainely it cannot be denied, but that P many senceless and brute beastes are Iealous,

* Considering the great Plagues and Afflictions which many (too too Iealous ouer their Wiues) inflict most worthily vpon themselues, the voluntary Cuckolds, and kinde Wittols, are to be counted wise, in respect of the other, because they are neuer tortured with such frightfull and sensible punishment: for,

Most certaine t'is, where IEALOVSIE is bred,
HORNES in the Mind, are worse then HORNES on the Head.

Nay more, I holde Cockolds for their patience (herein) to be the only true happie & wise men indeed, for if (according to *Seneca* in his Epistles) hee that is Temperate, is Constant; who is Constant is vntroubled, who is vntroubled is without sorrow; who is without sorrow, is happy, wherefore he that is such a one is Happy, & wisedome is sufficient to a happy man: then say I, that all these Qualities coueriuing in a Cuckold, hee must needes be both Wise and Happy.

P That Beastes participate of this plague, the Shepheard *Cratis* found too much to his cost, who being false in Loue with a shee-Goat, her Buck (through meere Iealousie) beat out his braines, as he lay asleepe.

as is apparantly seene in Buls, in ¶ Swannes, in Lyons, in Doues, in Hennes, and such like. Besides, mee thinkes, it is as naturall a thing for a man to be Iealous, as to desire to engender, and beget that which is like to himselfe, which is the most naturall thing (as *Aristotle* auoucheth in his second Booke *De Animis*) that liuing Creatures can doe. And this they doe, that they might (as hee alleadgeth oftentimes) in some sort, participate and come neere vnto diuine Nature, as much, and after the best manner they shall be able.

Now if any shall doubt whether IEALOVSIE be a naturall thing or no, or (if it being so) why then should it be condemned and blamed so much (considering that according to *Aristotles* rule, none ought eyther to be praised or blamed for any thing, they do through the secret instinct of Nature, they being as it were indifferent (as we may terme them;) To them I answere thus: wee condemne not IEALOVSIE it selfe, but the

¶ The Tale of the Swanne about *Windsor*, finding a strange Cocke with his Mate, and how farre hee swam after the other to kill it, and then returning backe, slew his Hen also (this being a certaine truth, & not many yeers done vpon this our Thames) is so well knowne to many Gentlemen, and to most Watermen of this Riuer, as it were needlesse, to vse any more words about the same; yet are there two brethren that I know, who (should any such strange thing be reported vnto them, especially by a Traueller) they would but scoffe at him for his labour, so peremptory and yet simple are they in their owne conceits; yea, they will not sticke to laugh and gibe thereat, as if it were a loud lye, onely because they themselues haue neuer seene nor knowne the like: but these silly animals, and iolly crowing Cocks on their owne Dung-hill, *Ariosto* taxeth excellently well in the beginning of his seauenth Canto, of his *Orlando Furioso*, but this being out of their element, I will tell them, in their owne naturall and Mother tongue, what our Countrey man young Master *Mathers* writes:

(Whose pleasing Satyres neuer shall decay,
But flourish greene, like Laurell and the Bay.)

'Tis grosse, sayth hee, and vaine for to vpholde
That all reports which Trauellers vnfolde
Of forraine Lands, are lyes; because they see
No such strange things in their owne Parish be.
And if I may not tearme such Fellowes vaine,
Ile say, they are dull, and of a shallow braine.
And him I count no wiseman that imparts
To men of such base misconceiuing hearts
Any rare matter; for their brutish wit
Will very quickly wrong both him and it:
For thus he sayeth it, and I hold so,
Ignorance onely is true Wisedomes foe.

r Excesse, and the too-too much of the same, as we find not fault with eating & drinking moderately, and other such naturall desires; but the abuse thereof, through too much glutonie. Surfetting, Quaffing, and Drunkennesse, being that which wee blame and disallow of, and therefore if any shall be Iealous with discretion, (and not without great and important cause,) obseruing a true and temperate *decorum* in the Time, the place, the person, and the cause, as is fit and conuenient for him; especially, if it shall concerne his owne reputation and credit; or the good name of his Mistresse, or Wife, he is not to be discommended at all.

Another doubt is, whether this Disease is to be holpen, or else be a wound immortall, and incurable, as *Ariosto* affirmeth, with diuers others, who all subscribe to his opinion. To which I answere, that as the occasions which first bred the

r Here the Author sheweth his opinion as concerning IEALOVSIE, because hee would not be mistaken, condemning this foolish and suspitious Humor; taken or conceited vpon no occasion or cause giuen, by many men ouer-rashly, and to the vtter ouerthrow, many times of themselues, and of such as they loue & affect most deerely, wishing the golden Meane, that is, the Mediocritie or Vertue herein, to be vsed by euery one, and that also with great Discreation and Iudgement, remembring alwayes this Lesson.

'Tis fast good-will, and gentle curtesies,
Reclaimes a Woman, and not watching eyes;
For where Suspect directeth forward wils,
Beauties sweet dalliance with despight is kils:
And where a Man is Iealous without cause,
The Woman good, for to be bad (oft) drawes.

s And yet vnder correction, and by the Authors leaue, it is hardly cured, if it haue once taken any deepe roote, especially (as *Montagnie* writeth) in the Femall Sexe, whom to aduise, to distaste and giue ouer this frantique Passion, were but time and labour lost. Their Essence, as he affirmeth, (for I will not in any wise subscribe to such an Heretical opinion as this is, and therefore I alledge authoritie, *Certissima omnium regula*) being so much infected with IEALOVSIE, with Vanitie, and Curiositie, that there is no hope to cure them by any lawfull meanes, they often recouering of this infirmitie, by a forme of health, much more to be feared, than the disease it selfe: for euen as some Enchantment cannot ridde away an euill spirit, but with laying it vpon another, so when they loose it, they transferre and bestow this Malady vpon their husbands. But (holla) pardon mee (fayre Ladies and Gentlewomen) to whose lot it shall fall by chance to read this Note. Had it not beene but that I should haue left this part Defectiue, and a meere Heteroclite, I would not haue proceeded so farre as I did: and now for amends, (yet not to flatter you at all,) speake Mounsieur *Montagnie* in French what he list, yet could I, and can alledge as much, if not more, against our owne Male-kinde, the Italian and others, and (I am sorry to say) some here in our owne Countrey of England, testifying as much, who are and haue beene as violent, and virulent in this Bedlam-like Humour, as any Woman Virago whatsoeuer.

same

same, shall decrease or increase, so shall IEALOVSIE it selfe, eyther decay or continue; and so when the cause shall be quite remoued, IEALOVSIE it selfe shall be quite taken away, as the saying is, *Sublata causa tollitur Effectus*, I meane the Effects thereof, & that which is more than needeth, for as we see that in a sicke body wee may expell all superfluities, with purgations, and all grosse humors from thence, eyther by fit Medicine, or by abstinence from Meates, or by forbearing of Drinkes, or such like good and wholesome kinde of Diet: Euen so, with Wisedome, Discretion, and Patience may wee easily driue away and expell the Force and Rage of IEALOVSIE, eyther more or lesse, according to the orders before appointed; and so againe by the contrary reasons (wanting the foresaid discreet remedies) it sometimes bursteth out so farre, and exceedeth beyond her bounds so much, as it turneth it selfe into extream Hatred, and from thence falleth into a Frensie, and Madnesse, not alone against the partie it loueth, or his aduersary or Riuall, but as well against all such, who, as he thinkes, may be any way an ob-

1. *Some say I, and some say No,*
But few the Truth as yet doe know.
Gramatici certant & adhuc sub Iudice lis est,

The Maior part thinke this Iealosie to be like the Zwitzers in Germany, who if they once get entertainement in some good Castle or Holde, they will hardly, or neuer out: resembling such as keepe possession of a place, frō whence they are seldome remoued, but by some great danger, or bloodshed: for as of little Brookes proceed great Riuers, so from small sparkes of IEALOVSIE arise great flames of distemperature, and then to trouble; such a one with good counsell, is but to augment his paine with suspition the more: and as a certaine writer speakes very well.

No thraldome like the yoake of IEALOVSIE,
A yoake that makes the liuing (still) to dye:
It is the gnawing Vultur of the minde,
For which nor Wit, nor Counsell, helpe can finde.

Patience is the Mother of Opportunitie, shee presenting her selfe to them that nourish her Daughter carefully, when (before Rashnesse and Anger) she goeth inuisibly, and hindereth them from what they most thirst after, and therefore

Patience preuailes gainst wrongs; effects them All
In Time; when Haste headlong makes Men to fall.

And to this effect another writeth thus.

The Mindes afflictions, Patience can appease,
Is Passions kils, and healeth each Disease.

And a third man thus.

Patience is praise, Forbearance is a Treasure,
Suffrance an Angell, Rage a Fiend sans measure:
Let gentle Patience profit thee, for Patience is a thing,
Whereby a Begger gaineth of a discontented King.

stacle or let, to hinder or crosse him in his designe and purpose, whereupon haue ensued most cruell or reuengements, and most horrible and sauage murthers, beyond all common sense and reason; yea, many times against their owne reputations and Honours, and against their owne proper selues, and lifes, as we may see and read in Histories, as well Auncient as Moderne, and as Poets in their fictions and shadowes show, more at large, as when they faine how [x] *Io* was turned into a Cow, through meere IEALOVSIE, and *Calisto* into a Beare, and the Tale of *Procris*, who by chance was slaine by her owne Husband *Cephalus*.

[y] *Plato* likewise, a most graue and veritable writer, affirmeth such an other disastre to haue happened vnto the Wife of one called *Cyanippus*, and of a second man ycleped *Emilius*: but the most [z] strangest and horrible murthers committed in these our dayes, through the furie of IEALOVSIE, were these three: the one by a Captaine of *Nocera*, (a Citie in *Italy*) vpon his Lord and Master, by reason of his Wife: the second more execrable than the other, was of a Knight of *Millan*, a follower of the Lord *Triuultio*, who caused (through the diuelish instinct of this hellish IEALOVSIE) slew his faire and vertuous wife, onely because he could not endure that any man should match with her, after his owne death: and that done, He, with the selfe-same bloody dagger, stabbed himselfe through his owne heart. The third and last, was, (as I haue beene credibly informed by a Venetian Merchant, a friend of mine, trafficking in the famous City of *London*,) perpetrated by a [a] young Gentleman of a great

x See *Ouids Metamorphosis*, for this History, and the other of *Calisto* at large, which to set downe were tedious.

y The like tragicall Tale may you read in *Platoes* Moral discourses, of this *Cyanippus*, and of another called *Emilius*, where the Curious may content himselfe euery way.

z These two first Tragedies, the one of a Captaine of *Nocera*, a Towne belonging to the Dukedome of *Spoleto* in *Italy*: and the other of a Knight of *Millane*, you shall find in diuers Italian Authors, diuersly set downe, and as well translated (but that hee is a little too tedious in his phrase of speech) into English by Sir *Geffary Fenton* Knight, one of our late Queene *Elizabeths* (of euerliuing memory) priuy Counsell in Ireland.

a This was *W. C.* of *C.* in the Countie of *Yorke* Esquire; who practised murther vpon his fayre and vertuous Wife, but committed the same vpon two young Infants, his Sonnes, the 23. of Aprill (then S. *Georges* day) in Anno 1605. For which he was executed on Monday the 5. day of May, next following.

Hous

House in ENGLAND, who left his fayre Wife for dead, after hee had butchered two louely Babes, his owne little Sonne, and entending to haue killed the third, but that hee was by great good fortune, preuented of this his bloudy purpose.

But leauing to speake any more of such Tragicall and vnmanly attempts as these, I say, there are some, that deserue to be reprehended, in the sharpest manner that may be, who, knowing that Loue is in God, nay rather, that hee is the first Loue, and the occasion of all other good Affections whatsoeuer, are so sottish as to suppose, that their is IEALOVSIE, after the same manner in him, as there is in vs, which is meere and monstrous Blasphemy, for one (but in thought) to conceit as much, they not knowing, or at leastwise forgetting, that all things in God, or which are attributed vnto him, are in him, after another different manner, then they are in vs, because, that Loue which is in God, is meere Pietie and [b] Charitie, and is in him endlesse, whereas the Affection and Loue, which men beare one to another, hath his End as well as his Beginning: But this Subiect, is too deepe and bottomlesse a Sea, for the light plummet of my Shallow wit to sound, and too high a Mistery for my slender conceit to diue or search into the secrets thereof:

[b] Of the marriage of *Charitie* with her other two Sisters *Faith* and *Hope*, there is a pretty Tale, which is this: About the Beginning of the world, these three Sisters, left Heauen, to come downe here to the earth, to get good Husbands: and such was *Faiths* good fortune, as shee stayed not long, but sped of her purpose: for *Abraham*, who was the Father of the Faithfull, tooke her quickely to Wife. *Hope* seeing her Sisters good hap, had good hope to meete with the like good match, yet stayed shee somewhat long, before shee could speede; but in the end *Dauid* tooke her to his Spouse: for hee alwayes hoped in God, and as hee saith, *My Soule hopeth in the Lord.* But poore *Charitie* had the worst lucke of the three; for euer since her first comming hither, she hath wandered vp and downe and none would entertaine her, nor as yet will; so that (by reason the world is so colde in Charitie,) she is like to remayne a Virgin still, and so returne to the better place, from whence shee first came.

And therefore rendering most humble thankes vnto that Almightie Power, who is All in All, knoweth All, and can doe All; and acknowledging my selfe much beholding vnto All here, for your extraordinary and vndeserued Patience, I rest,

A most deuoted Seruant vnto you All,

B. V.

FINIS.

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* Wee will in our Notes, as wee began, so conclude with God, who as hee is the Beginning of All things, so is he the End, ALPHA and OMEGA; He is the First LOVE, and the Last LOVE, and is CHARITIE it selfe: than which nothing more precious, since hee that dwelleth in CHARITIE, dwelleth in God, and what more secure? and God in him, then, what more delectable? and to conclude:

God is all Loue, Affection, Charity, which hath no end but eternally.